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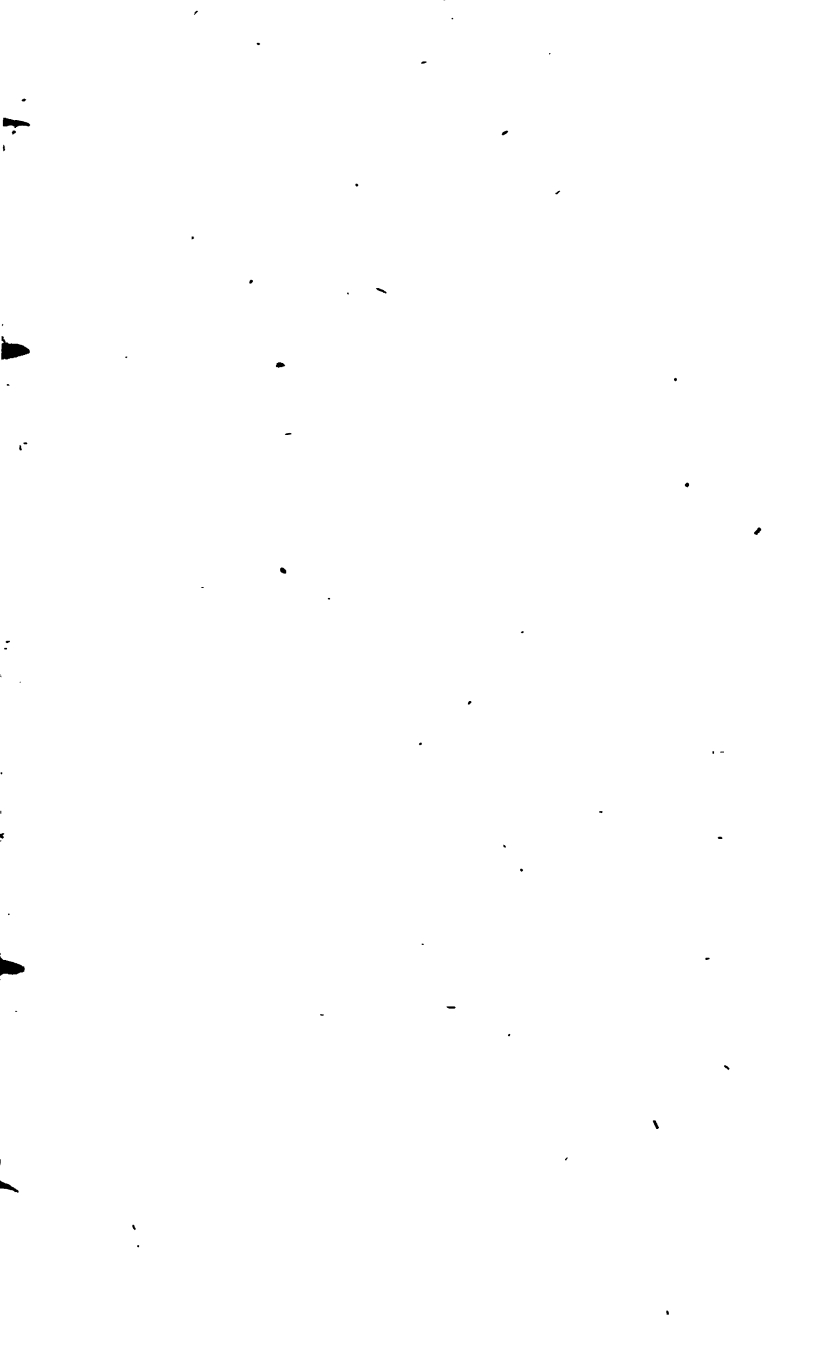
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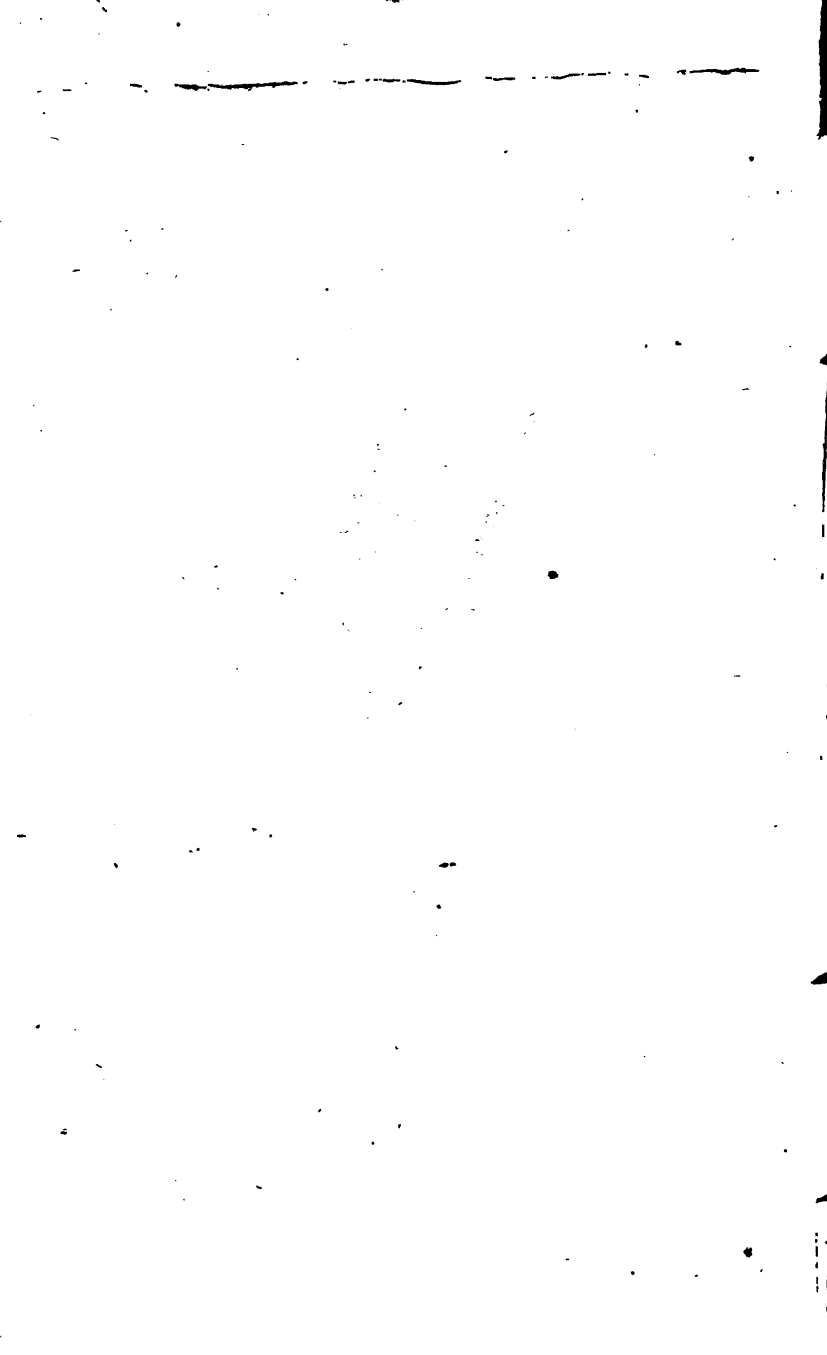
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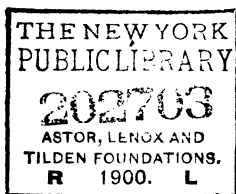
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1849.

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BROWN-GOODE COLLECTION

TO
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL GENERAL OF HIS AGE,
THE PURE PATRIOT,
THE EXALTED STATESMAN,
THE IDOL OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,
MAJ. GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR,
PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
BY HIS FRIEND AND ADMIRER,
THE AUTHORESS.



P R E F A C E .

THE writer has been requested by Mrs. Cheves to prepare a preface for her volume of Sketches, in which may be presented to the reader a brief history of herself and family. The facts contained in the article have been furnished for the purpose.

Mrs. E. W. F. Cheves, the authoress of these Sketches, is a native of Eastern Virginia. Her birth place was in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys that lie between the Blue Ridge and the Potomac. There amid the seclusion of nature and surrounded by some of the finest scenery in the world her younger years were spent. The most remarkable trait discovered in the earlier development of her character was a determined resolution to acquire knowledge. Whatever awakened her curiosity she pursued with undaunted energy, and she studied with persevering industry and pleasure the grandeur that nature presented in the hills, valleys and mountains, that appeared before her on every hand. There are many interesting incidents in the life of our authoress that might be told, but it is more our purpose to give an outline of her history and parentage than to detail the scenes of her domestic associations. The history of her family would doubtless be interesting to many of the inhabitants of the Old Dominion as it would afford a curious specimen of its ancient ancestry which descend from the venerable mother of us all,—she of the “IRON NERVE AND GRASPING HAND.”

Mrs. Cheves is the fourth child of Richard Foote and Helen Gibbon Stuart. She bears the name of Elizabeth Washington, an aunt of her father's, a lady who was remarkable in her day for many qualities that highly adorn the female character. As a connexion of General George Washington, and an inmate of his house, she was affectionately remembered in his will. Her remains now repose in the grave yard at Hayfield, a beautiful country residence which she owned and which is situated near Mount Vernon, the honored seat of the "father of his country."

The paternal ancestor of Mrs. Cheves, emigrated from Truro, Cornwall parish, England, about the middle of the seventeenth century. He settled on the Potomac in the parish then known as Stafford. His wife, Catharine, was the daughter of Col. Fossaker, of London. Their eldest son Richard, married a Miss Lund, and left several children. Sarah Foote, their eldest daughter was married to the Rev. William David Stuart, son of the David Stuart who fled from Scotland after the fatal battle of Culloden, in which as kinsman to the unfortunate Charles, he had actively engaged. Tradition informs us that his intrepid Highland mother, by the help of a purse of guineas, secured his escape to the then loyal colony of Virginia.— He settled on the Potomac in the vicinity of the Footes. Soon after his emigration he married a Miss Jane Gibbon, who was introduced to him during a recess of travel, while journeying with her brother, Sir William Gibbon, and sister, from England to the island of Jamaica. Helen, the other sister, remained with Mrs. Stuart, and was afterwards married to Richard Brent, father of the celebrated and eloquent Brent of the American Revolution. The two sisters became the heads of large and distinguished families, the descendants of which are now living in Virginia, Maryland and other Southern States.

The elder, Richard Foote, being the eldest son and heir of his father's estate, inherited all the entailed property in England, the income of which amounted to twenty thousand pounds per annum. Unfortunately for Richard, on his return to England after his visit to Virginia, he found his second brother in possession of the estate, his father having died during his absence. Such was declared to be the will of the father, the eldest son having married without his consent and against his expressed wish. It is supposed that the cause of the father's opposition was the fact that the lady of his choice was a member of the Roman Catholic church, as the Brent family of Virginia, found among the records of its past history, a singular document from the crown, permitting the family of Richard Foote to worship in the Roman Catholic church.

Richard Foote, the father of Mrs. E. W. Cheves, was born in the year 1772, at Truro Hall, Virginia, and died in 1834, leaving but two sons, Hayward and Wm. Stuart. His only brother, William Hayward Foote, survived him until the year 1846, when he died at Hayfield, the estate left him by his aunt Washington, with the direction that if he should die without children, the property should be delivered to the family of his brother Richard.

At the age of five years, Elizabeth was left an orphan by the death of her mother. At that tender age she had received much instruction in matters of religion from her excellent parent, who was a sincere and devout christian. Upon her death-bed she expressed great confidence in the overruling providence of God. Her faith was strong in her Heavenly Father, and she committed her children, all infants but the eldest, unto His protection. From this bereavement, it appears, the family never recovered,—the impression it made was ineffaceable from the mind of Elizabeth. When yet a child it was her melancholy

pleasure to visit the spot where her mother was buried, and to weep over her grave. There she has often knelt as a child, and in her maturity to supplicate the fatherly protection to which she was committed by her affectionate mother. And that protection has been vouchsafed to her. It has been her safeguard amid the trials through which she has had to pass. In the hour of affliction she has felt it to be her consolation. In the time of trouble it has been the support on which she leaned.

The father of Elizabeth married a second time. This second choice was the widow of Thornton Alexander. Her maiden name was Taliaferro. She was a very amiable lady, and treated the children of her husband tenderly. But unfortunately for those children she lived but a few years after her marriage.

For the purpose of having his children well educated, Mr. Foote secured the services of the best private teachers he could procure. The boys were sent to college at the proper period to finish their studies, while the girls were instructed by their teachers at home. Mr. Foote was not favorable to the custom of sending young ladies abroad to receive among strangers the cultivation of character which he believed could be much better imparted in his own house, under his own immediate superintendence, and by teachers whose competency he might know from actual observation was sufficient for the purpose. It was his desire that his children should retain the simplicity of manners which he so much admired in their ancestors, and the thought of a fashionable Boarding School, was so utterly at variance with all his views of a lady's education and character that he could not tolerate it for a moment. He was might be termed an old fashioned gentleman—one whose character was identified with the "Ancient Dominion," so proudly remembered by Virginians, and it was a

passion with him that his descendants should bear that character to the succeeding generations of his posterity.

In consequence of the peculiar situation of Elizabeth, at the early age of twelve years she was deprived of the advantages of an instructor, and as a matter of course the opportunity was greatly lessened for a proper pursuit of her scholastic studies. The consequences of this deprivation were severely experienced by her in after life. As she grew up to womanhood she was thrown into cultivated society and frequently came in contact with young ladies who were much better educated than herself. Mortified at the idea of being excelled by others, whose natural powers she knew were not superior to her own, she determined if possible to repair her loss by incessant application to study. She applied herself faithfully to her books, and wrought her way unaided through the higher branches of education. She studied the Latin and French languages, drawing, painting, &c., and was soon enabled to occupy a respectable position in the society in which she moved. So assiduously did she apply herself to her studies, that she considerably impaired her health, from which she suffered much inconvenience. She has been known to occupy herself at her drawing from sunrise until the shades of night obscured the landscape from her view. Becoming fond of literary pursuits, by degrees, she withdrew herself from the associations of her friends and spent the time in retirement and study, which is usually devoted to such friendly intercourse. She learned that her happiness depended not upon the giddy crowds that whirl through the mazes of fashionable life, and sought it in such engagements as were better suited to her disposition and habits.

In the year 1830, Elizabeth was sought in her retirement by one whose affections were offered with his life

and fortune to her acceptance. In Dr. F. Thornton Cheves, she found all that she could desire in an admirer and husband. Talented, handsome and of the highest reputation, she could but yield to his address, and consented to leave her loved retirement and share with him the fortunes of life. Dr. Cheves was a Virginian—a native of Caroline county. As a suitor he was gentlemanly and candid, as a husband he is represented by Mrs. Cheves, as one of the most amiable of men. His reputation was well established in Virginia and his philanthropic labors were highly appreciated by the numerous families among which his professional cares were divided. His arduous labors brought him to an untimely grave. Active and energetic in his attention to a large practice, his efforts were too much for his strength. Frequent hemorrhages from the lungs induced pulmonary consumption of which he died in the year 1844.

Dr. Cheves left considerable property, which together with numerous accounts which were due him at the time of his death, are in the hands of persons who if they had proper views of their responsibility to the widow and the orphan would pay them over to their use. In consequence of the failure of these persons in the discharge of their obligations, Mrs. Cheves is obliged to seek in other resources the means of support for herself and her children, which the receipt of the property would afford them. Her situation has compelled her to bring her literary acquirements into requisition. She has published her "Sketches in Prose and Poetry," with the hope that a generous public will appreciate the necessity by which she is impelled and extend toward her the patronage she needs. The writer of this brief sketch has been for some time acquainted with Mrs. Cheves, and regards her as a highly estimable and christian lady. He would bespeak for her the sym-

pathies and patronage of the public. Her late husband having been an eminent physician, she looks to the gentlemen of the medical profession for encouragement and support. Doubtless the appeal to them will not be made in vain. Mrs. Cheves has the best wishes of the writer for her success.

M.

BALTIMORE, *April 26th*, 1849.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THESE sketches, unpolished, as they are, I would in humility now offer to the public, under the auspices of one who is deservedly its favorite,—the tried, the proved, the gallant General Taylor. He is at once the invincible warrior and the obedient patriot, and the people have rewarded him for his faithfulness, by elevating him to the highest office in their gift. President Taylor has kindly written to the authoress a letter allowing her to dedicate the volume to him. The letter which is given below was written in December last, when it was intended that this book should be published. Every exertion was made at that time, that a poor and in some degree friendless lady could make, to bring it out. But all her efforts were vain. Gold was wanted—gold at whose magic touch any thing, and every thing may be accomplished. I had not the means of publishing, though much more than was needed was and is still due me. I had written repeatedly during the past year to my agents in the South, but could not obtain even the interest of what was owing to me. If the persons indebted had known the privations I had to endure in consequence of their neglect, I am sure their hearts would have relented unless they be harder than stone. In order to obtain a livelihood for myself and orphan children, I found it necessary to exert every power I possess, and I fondly hope that through this effort the object may in part be accomplished.

I have submitted my case to a friend in Baltimore, who has given me much information in matters connected with the press, and has kindly consented to superintend the publication of my manuscript. But for his advice, I would have had my book issued more than a year ago. He directed me to revise my papers and make many alterations before submitting them to the public. I spent several months in Virginia at the work and when I returned to Baltimore I had formed the determination to publish it. I informed my friend that compelled by necessity, I had broken down the bridge over which I had passed, and could not return—the resolution was formed and the book must appear. And now, after all, I feel that I am hastily performing my purpose, and I cannot make all the reasons known to the public that impel me hurriedly to cast before them the simple wreath that I have woven.

But little versed in the fashionable style of composition, I have not been situated in any manner conformable to the habits of an *author* for the last thirteen years of my life. And I feel it to be due to my friends and in justice to myself, to remark that pecuniary embarrassments render it necessary at this particular juncture to bring in the aid of my pen and if possible obtain relief from immediate pressure. I could not send this little volume forth into the world, without soliciting the protection of those whose hearts are influenced by the tender emotions of pity; and I would hope the critical and unsparing pen of those elevated by superior attainments, by more fortunate circumstances, will not severely remark on the labors of one, whose *life* has been in every way calculated to obliterate the traces of learning and refinement. I would add, that having arranged my monied affairs in Louisiana and Mississippi in the best way I was capable of, and empowering

agents to collect and receipt for the numerous sums due me in those *States*; I felt myself at liberty to remove to a climate more congenial to my shattered constitution, and I would here earnestly beg to be remembered by those whose names are inscribed on my late husband's *account books*, which are the records of his untiring labors and his persevering attention to the wants of others. Though reduced to want, I have written testimony of the fact, that there are persons living in affluence who are largely indebted to me, and who seem to be careless of my sufferings.

But the authoress is not alone in this distress. Many can sympathize with the defrauded widow, the oppressed orphans from a sense of their own bereavements during the settling of those *States*; and I trust it will not be deemed out of place here to add, that scarcely one has been noble enough to come forward to make acknowledgment for the unbounded favors bestowed by their physician. No! he has gone from the field of labor and forgetfulness was all they had to learn. Out of *thirty thousand left due* on his books, not enough has been collected to give bread to his surviving family. I was compelled to remain in the Northern Neck of Virginia, in order, if possible, to obtain justice in the distribution of some property lately falling to my children. It was while there at leisure, the idea occurred to me of arranging some portions of my well filled journal, and if my painful situation would allow, to prepare them for the public. There *friendless*, and left to *suffer*, forgotten by those, once the friends of one who then needed not their smiles; there amidst every privation, I composed my sketches on the counties, formerly styled the northern neck of *the Old Dominion*, and if my remarks are deemed severe, I here offer as a reason that the scenes once so dear, are all changed to the eye of

the afflicted sojourner. Yea, fortune had withdrawn its smiles and I was no longer known in the eye of its worshippers but as a subject alike of misfortune and wonder. This has led to those observations which I confess are somewhat embittered by the state of mind in which they are composed, but let it be known that truth and truth only have I detailed. Virginia my native land is passing from the old aristocracy into a change now scarcely apparent of what may be its ultimate termination. Its hills and valleys are still the same, and fondly doth my heart turn towards its own land, the land of genius and of beauty. And now into whatever country Virginians or their descendants may have passed, I solemnly invoke their tenderness, their fraternal sympathy for the mother, whose heart hath bled anew at the memory of her lost, her lovely children, for the oppressed, the desolate, the stranger. And now my Book, child of my toils, I bid thee with tears and prayers go forth into the world. If aught has been said amiss among thy pages, I pray that God may forgive the wrong of one who would not willingly offend. I here insert the letter of General Taylor, which came in a moment of sorrow like a blessing to the bereaved.

Baton Rouge, La, Dec. 15, 1848.

My dear Madam:

Your polite letter of the 28th ult., requesting permission to dedicate to me a small volume, of which you are the authoress, has been duly received.

It affords me, Madam, much pleasure to accede to this request; and I sincerely trust that your most sanguine expectations, as to the success of your work, may be fully realized. I would observe, however, in relation to the intention which you expressed in your letter, of sending me a copy, that during the next three or four months I shall be a great deal upon the travel, and I would respectfully suggest, therefore, that you defer the execution of this intention to a more distant period.

I am, Madam, very respectfully

Your obedient servant,

J. Taylor

Mrs. E. W. F. Cheves, Baltimore, Md.

SKETCHES
IN
PROSE AND VERSE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND AND TWO
CHILDREN,

WHO DIED WITHIN TEN MONTHS OF EACH OTHER.

O! could my grief, here faintly traced to view,
Soften my murm'ring heart—yet still renew
The memories—time or change can ne'er efface,
Then should poetic charms, my woes solace,
And trembling notes,—harmonious breathe my pain;—
Whilst o'er my soul heaven's peace supremely reign.
To thee would consecrate,—thou great I Am!
The past—yea, would its treasures here embalm,
O! if thou wouldst but bless with love divine!
This bleeding heart, that owns no power but thine,
Yet, shrinking fear oblivions shadowy pall
Shall o'er the loved with gloomy horrors fall—

Grant thou my prayer,—o'er peaceful sleeping dust—
May immortality's sacred halo rest!

Canst thou! my Father and my God forgive,
Aspiring hope! through them thy church revive,
For well I know they are bright angels now,
And drink where streams immortal flow.

Then why should I in notes of sorrow breathe
The gloomy song, that would the dead enwreath,
Yea, e'en with faith's Amaranthine blooms,
Array their unadorned, deserted tombs!

No mausoleum's high and glittering pride,
Tells where my precious idols lived and died,
There pale neglected flowers amidst the green,
But tells where once devoted love hath been.
Thou Eternal! before whom angels bow,

O! thou who hear'st their strains melodious flow,
Now deign immortal ardor to my song,
Alone to thee doth wisdom's power belong,
Descend, and with inspiring, hallowed fire,
Bright kindle here, the flames that ne'er expire!

Ye angels pure! that fly at his command,
And every treasure know of sea—of land—

O! swiftly bear my votive offerings there,
The wife, the mother's fervent, earnest prayer!
Let those I claimed as once my own on earth,
But not thy chosen ones, by heavenly birth,
They spring anew, and bloom celestial there,

Where few, alas ! thy sacred presence share,
But then from every height, from every plain,
Shall swell the strain, " Behold the Savior slain !"
There may thy pure and holy temple rise,
And incense sweet be wafted to the skies,
From yonder distant spot, where still *they lay*,
And God's own light and joy spring from decay !
O ! haste ye winged hours ! and bring to view
That beauteous land, in robes of fairest hue—
Arrayed as heaven's redeemed and precious *bride*,
By God the Savior's grace all purified,
Yea. let thy rays of light enkindle now,
And bring immortal joys to earth below.
For those corrupt—estranged, thy saints would plead,
O ! deign their most beseeching cries to heed,
E'en now the fields with ripening harvest glows,
But there alas ! the lonely mission shews,
Dejected glance and pity's drooping mein,
For few with Christian love and hope art seen,
That land to me, alas ! forever dear,—
That land where hopes and joys no more shall cheer.
Yet when within the tomb I sleep profound,—
God grant that there my mouldering dust be found.

TO CEDAR GROVE.

The early residence of Richard Foote of England, and lately rebuilt by his great *grandson*, to whom this piece is affectionately inscribed by the author.

Awake my muse ! 'tis hallowed ground,—
Here first from England's peaceful homes,
Our bold forefathers shelter found ;—
Where fierce and wild the savage roams,
Yet firm and true they come, and bade
Proud Albion's crowded shore farewell,—
Amid the Indian's forest shade,
With hope and fear henceforth to dwell.

A *pilgrim* comes all worn and pale,
From distant land, to view once more,
The sacred spot, the lowly vale,
Where dwelt the loved till life was o'er.—
Here rests in peace the honored dead,
While friendly cedars o'er them spread,
And kindly screen from storm or wind,
The pure white rose now there entwined.

The snowy marbles glittering pride
Tells of affection true and deep,

For one who calmly sleeps beside;
For one, whom yet, fond children weep;
As o'er these paths I lonely tread,
And summon up the lov'd of yore,
That oft my early steps have led
Along the sand engirdled shore;
It seems as if my soul had caught
A glimpse of light unknown before,
A strength by minist'ring angel's brought.—

With plaintive voice, or murmurings vain,
Of wretchedness,—of woe complete,
I of the past no more complain,
But would before the mercy seat,
With love and hope most lowly bend;
And shall not fear the rugged way,
If there my father's God befriend,
And light with faith's inspiring ray!

I have not come to lay me down,
Where low my mouldering kindred sleep,
Whilst storms o'ercloud the skies around,
But trusting soul yet faithful keep,
For Christ the sinking form shall save,
And hush to peace the troubled wave.

*And thou son of an honored race!
Whose lofty soul and beaming brow,]

*Dr. Richard H. Stuart, the present proprietor and descendant
of Richard Foote and David Stuart, the latter was of Scotland, a

Befits the proud ancestral place !

Thy home, where blessed and happy now,
Thou art content to live, beside
Potomac's broad and rolling tide,
And wouldst 'neath yonder solemn shade,
When life's dull scenes are past be laid.

Ambitious dream hath ne'er betrayed
Thy generous heart, nor o'er thee cast
Its mystic peace-destroying sway,
Before whose fierce corroding powers
The gentler virtues shrink away,
As fades hope's sweetest, fairest flowers !

In quiet philosophic ease,
The even tenor of thy life,
By storms ne'er marred or ruffling breeze,—
Or ruder war's ensanguined strife ;
Around thee youthful ones now bloom,
As opening*Spring, and promise fair
To banish hence, all withering gloom,
And smooth thy passage to the tomb.

*For *one* ! the brightest of thy band,
With eye of light and sunny smiles,

member of the unfortunate house of Stuarts, who took refuge in the then loyal colony of Virginia, after the royal family were exiled from Great Britain.

*Richard, the infant son of Dr. Richard H. Stuart, whose remarkable beauty and radiant countenance attracts the admiration of every beholder.

Shall come at fortune's high command,
The power that every heart beguiles ;
As towering oak the forest's pride,
Outspreads gigantic arms of strength,
So may thy shadows deep and wide,
Extend its mighty powers at length.

Adieu ! Potomac's limpid stream—

No more the swan's wild notes shall swell,
And 'waken from my morning dream,

*With dulcet tones that breathed farewell !

My mother's home ! once more adieu !

Again into the world's dread sphere ;—

With aching heart its smiles pursue,

With burning cheek await its sneer.

And know that feeling heart must break,

Ere from their gilded dreams they wake,

Or depth of love to God be given,

Or known "there's nothing true but heaven."

*The swans are now scarcely to be seen where once they were so numerous. I remember a tame one at Cedar Grove, that would frequently stretch its long neck and stand in a listening attitude near the low windows of the old sitting room, while the full tones of the piano seemed to arrest its attention.

TO THE DEPARTED.

O! fly my soul on wings of love,
To yonder promised land above,
O! there where living waters rove,
Are those I loved so well.

There too our Savior, God doth shine,
And ever lights with rays divine,
That glorious heavenly home of thine,
Where kindred spirits dwell.

Then hail! ye climes of endless day,
Farewell! frail tenements of clay,
Sweet angels beckon me away,
Where strains immortal swell

THE KANAWHA RIVER AND ITS SUBLIME SCENERY.

Virginia! thou my native land!

Though blighted mem'ries round thee cling,
Still, still, I seek thy sacred strand,
As if anew life's joys could spring.

IN 18—, during one of the summer months, we crossed the Alleghany mountains, then robed in verdure, and decked with the rich bloom of a thousand varied and often fragrant flowers. Many lofty heights presented panoramas of magnificent beauty; particularly the group of mountains overlooking the little picturesque village of Bath, wherein flows the powerful and burning streams, and which awakened in me sensations of terror, as I thought of the fiery sulphurous caverns over which we stood, and from whence issued those wonderful waves, combined with their various gases.

Mountain air and mountain scenery impart vigor and elasticity to the drooping lowlander, which he may in vain look for elsewhere; and ever, after my brief sojourn

in those romantic regions of pure air and grandeur unsurpassed, have I sighed to live amidst their hardy, and yet uncorrupted children. How sweet to the taste was the most simple repast, after having gained the toilsome height, how cool the waters rolling from vast subterranean sources.

Ah! with tears of regret I bade farewell to these lovely valleys, vowing to return if ever fortune smiled, and bent my steps with regret towards my new home, where the father of waters rolled his dark and threatening stream.

In passing through western Virginia we kept the Kanawha route, that is, the winding road which passes up the river's course, and is, with powerful labor, cut out of the mountain side, scarcely wide enough to admit of carriages passing. Words are inadequate to express the terrible scenery of this route. Below, in a narrow gorge of the mountain, as if hollowed by its perpetual flow, rolls, or rather dashes, from rock to rock, the bold stream of the Kanawha.

Ah! little rest hath its angry waters! Sometimes they pause a moment between immense ledges of rocks, looking as if drifted hither by the powerful currents of a deluge; but on again they rush, as a winged arrow, and stop not until its chafed waters flow free and gently through the loveliest of valleys.

Though years, on years of bitterness and woe have passed since I sought a footing amidst thy o'erhanging cliffs; yet the head grows dim and the bosom throbs, as memory again brings to view the sublime magnificence of thy scenery. Here, narrow and winding, the path follows

the roaring stream that seems to bellow for its prey below. Now and then a glimpse of foam, but ever that deafening sound in the startled ear, as if a thousand sea monsters were battling against the firm panoply of adamant.

Steep precipices yawn around the seemingly interminable way to the bewildered traveller.

Here, on the lofty cloud-capt peak, broods our nation's emblem, the keen-eyed Eagle, unscared by the slow and cautious tread of the far-off traveller. Though clouds enwrap the mountain's side, and darkness gathers o'er the dangerous way, yet bright and unclouded are those lofty regions wherein the lonely monarch bird delights to soar.

Behold! through yonder sun's unclouded blaze,
The glorious keen-eyed Eagle darts his gaze.
'Tis freedom's haunt;—away thou monarch bird!
Here tyrant's voice or rule shall ne'er be heard.
Alas! methinks 'twas thou! in ancient days,
That o'er the blood-stained Hero's conquering ways,
Unquailed, couldst whet thy beak,—couldst plume thy
wings!

The while war's strife enkind'ing trumpet rings;
Still didst thou proudly soar, though the last sigh
Of freedom's trampled—bleeding host—that die,—
Rose o'er the battle-plains of ruined Greece.—
'Tis past—and all her death-like struggles cease.
False emblem thou! of ancient Liberty!
Historic page unfolds thy tyranny;—

Daring imperious flights in distant sphere,
And here Columbia's monarch fierce of air !

On the Alleghany is first beheld, by the traveler from the East, that singular appearance of the rapid streams' westward course, perfectly opposite to the usual flow of our rivers. It seems, at first sight to be reversing the order of nature, as if the streams were rolling backwards. But no; they bear their rich tributes to the great valley beyond this lofty gigantic barrier, whose broad top embraces innumerable ranges. The streams, the immense forests, and vast prairies, all bear the appearance of a more recent formation; and doubtless those great inland seas on our North once swept the base of this mighty chain of mountains. Here begins the all-promising, the triumphant West, whose fruitful valleys and prolific hills invite the destitute and oppressed from every shore. Here, the worn-out pilgrims of Europe's decayed—enslaved, but now dissolving kingdoms, shall found their mighty empires; and the trembling slave of despotism shall arouse from the lethargy of ages, and find himself transformed by the breath of liberty into creation's lord.

Yes, from Alleghany's rolling streams to where yonder ocean sweeps our Western shores, upon whose broad bosom floats the wealth that awaiteth our bidding, are varied climes and happy homes of nations yet to be.

The following lines are the tribute paid by my sluggish muse to these mountains and valleys, whose mighty character shall not have been developed until the lapse of ages.

O! for the Muse's deep, inspiring power,
To bring again the full enraptured hour!
When gained the lofty peak's o'erhanging brow,
Afar on yonder distant summit now.
Then first was breathed the pure etherial air;
Then life was young, and hope exulted there.
Since then my slumb'ring muse hath lost her fire,
O'erwhelmed and stunn'd each fond and proud desire.
Alas! too worn my trembling, venturous wing,
To soar on high, in rapturous strain—or sing
Of thy sublime, magnificent array,
Where lofty scenes majestic pomp display;
Where bleak and cold, thy hoary peaks arise
In solemn grandeur, to the cloudless skies.

Thou! with the wild, strange name of Indian sound,
Alleghany! through wide-extended bound,
Thy mighty chain pursues its olden route,
The same broad mountain still, upon whose front
Of shaggy, beetling rocks, the Indian stood
With trophied scalps and visage reeking blood.
But lo! Columbia's genius hath unfurled
Her waving standard broad o'er half the world.
The savage race, as mists before the sun,
Are gone,—despite of all the vict'ries won.

The Kanawha valley breaks upon the view like magic;
its hills assume a full round appearance, and lose their
terrific grandeur. Now begins the immense coal region,

whose smouldering fires darken the face of day, and tell where man hath sought its hidden treasures. Every where his active agents are at work. Here smiles the luxuriant and waving plains ; there arise the lofty engines spouting forth dense volumes, and laboring far, far into the bowels of the passive earth.

How changed this once quiet and lovely valley, since the rude and untaught child of the forest hunted o'er its unknown treasures ;—since the Indian maiden wove her feathery wreath and sung her plaintive songs, beneath its beautiful and magnificent branches, where unharmed the wild bird joined in thy simple strains. But now, wealth and power have transformed its paradisaical retreat, shut in between the full and teeming hills, into a factory's bustling scene.

And behold, the busy crowds have hastily erected their fresh and showy dwellings ! light as if built in a day for a fairy race, regardless of the future ; but for the present, restless and impulsive. Ah ! who now awaits the ripening influence of time in these unquiet scenes. And see, a town but of yesterday receives the impress of a manufacturing district ; the hurried air, the business-like step, all characteristic of our new and slightly built towns. Here, too, as if in quest of Fortune's random gifts, may be seen the noble-minded, yet helpless Virginian. From her once fertile, but now neglected Eastern districts, they come with saddened air ; from all olden ties of home and familiar faces suddenly severed. Alas ! the Virginian, proud of

ancestry and lofty of soul, untaught in practical life, unused to the rude touch of the plebeian, is surely out of his accustomed haunts when introduced into the busy circle of enterprising, laborious emigrants.

Charlestown is finely situated for a flourishing city, but it has powerful rivals in the adjacent States, always successfully opposing this part of Virginia.

A horse-boat, of common construction, ferried us over the here navigable stream. No bridge has been raised, though the business is increasing, and there appears sufficient wealth in the vicinity. A short time previous to this, an entire stage sunk with the passing boat in the middle of the stream. Over the river we are in the limestone region still, and observe with pleasure the beautiful groves of sugar maple. This way of collecting or manufacturing that important staple of the South, is a primitive method, and certainly more romantic than the regular steam agencies; and if I had a choice, I should prefer the maple districts to the splendid villas where flourishes the cane, and those indestructible insects—those never-to-be-forgotten *mosquitoes*. And rest assured, the air that generates them is always more or less injurious to the human family.

ON THE NEWLY RISEN CITY OF
VICKSBURG;*

OR MISSISSIPPI IN MINIATURE.*

O! wond'rous mass of hill and glen,
Late wandered o'er by shadowy men,
With looks aghast of woe—of pain :
Ye silly mortals, why complain ?
With *bull-frog* pride your little town
Of mushroom growth, would stately frown,
As thousand years of wealth—of fame,
Had surely added to your name.

Alas ! how soon thy youthful bloom
Shall seek and find an early tomb.
'Tis well that thus such pride should fall,
For avarice deep, but grasped at all.
What now avails the prosp'rous start,
Since acted out such shameless part ?
Ah ! woe awaits this blinded race,
For their most wild and reckless chase.
A desperate, Plutus-loving band,
Whose motley crew from every land,
As greedy vultures, rushed to prey

*NOTE.—The author alludes to the remarkable times of 1838 and '39, when the monstrous banking system of previous times was about giving way.

With haste, full gorged, they'll shrink away,
Nor stand the blaze of searching day.
The barren, cold and healthful shore,
Sent hither, too, her spendthrift poor.
For gold they came with winged speed;
All else beside they little heed.
'Tis strange, but fate hath well repaid
With empty trash, such treach'rous aid.
Alas! they curse thy wildering clime,
And vainly plead for lengthened time—
For what? To shine in borrowed ray
The gilded phantoms of to-day.
Could haggard want, or fell disease,
Make them forget their God to please?
'Tis well to screen such deep design
'Neath pain from pestilence of thine.

Her rulers now, in bank and state,
Come forth and own, alas! too late,
That, reft of sense, their empty pates
But dragged her after older States.
Thus, steeped in guile of crimson shade,
The basest game they deeply played;
'Till now, though young, thy ruined name
Becomes a *by-word* low, for Fame;

Bemose! thy sharp, thy bitter pangs,
Such monsters seize—with deadliest fangs

Inflict on them thy deepest blow.
Yea—let them drain the dregs of woe;
Then colonize that Southern spot!
The needy, restless wanderer's lot.

BRANDON.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

WILD warbler! of my native grove,
Thy varying notes, soft tuned by love,
Falls sweet upon the evening air,—
As from thy leafy covert there,
Thou flutterest o'er thy callow young,
Amidst the waving branches hung.

How swiftly glides the moon-lit hours,
Charmed by thy music's thrilling powers?
Yet sweeter far thy warblings seem,
When pained by wild and feverish dream
I lose myself in glowing page
Where fancied scenes can grief assuage.
With murm'ring sweet, yon limpid stream
Tremblingly breaks in Cynthia's beam,
Where silv'ry light meanderings wind,
And ozers bend in graceful line;
"Midst mossy turfs sweet flow'rets lie,
Indented deep, from curious eye.

But beauteous scenes! ye charm me not,
When wandering o'er my fav'rite spot.
I miss thy wildly witching tone,
And deeply sigh for thee alone.

Now nightly shades mysterious steal,
As gloomy musings faint reveal
Youth's joyous phantoms—fleeting fast,
Life's morning dream that could not last.

Thwart beechen's quivering shade! the moon
Now glances bright, in pride of noon,
And by her side the evening star,
That ever calmly floateth there.
Thou lovely orb! from whence astray?
Wand'ring through the heavenly way!
Doth happy spirits gain thy shore?
When, freed from earth forevermore,
Envoy, from glorious realms above,
Where worlds on worlds harmonious move.
O! if to mortal ears were given
The starry melodies of heaven,
Still fancy hears your dulcet sounds,
As, circling through etherial bounds,
Ye swiftly float your destined rounds.

And thou, sweet harmonist! join too.
In rapturous song, thy beings due
'To Him who wide diffuses round

Unceasing love's eternal bound ;
Alike to all, beneath—above,
Thy wondrous power, creative Love!
To thee he gives, enchanting Bird !
Such notes as nowhere else are heard.
To us he deigns all powers of mind,
To seek and harmonize each kind.
With wondrous tone, chant forth thy lays,
In high heaven's enduring praise.
Sing on, though midnight's solemn hour,
The world enwraps with mystic power.
E'en calmly hushed the quiet air,
As zephyrs stilled, but listened there ;
And fairy forms, now lulled and mute,
Shall cease their dance to sounding lute.
Ah ! breathless wait thy last farewell !
As wanes the night, thy tones shall swell,
In rich, full notes of varied sound,
Till morning breaks, and bright around
The glare of day shall bid thee hush
Thy wild song's deep melodious gush.

THE FAMILY GROUP.

'Tis twilight's magic hour,
Now haste from childish plays,
'Neath yonder fav'rite bower,
Where trills the evening lays.
Come kneel in solemn praise,
With mother,—father dear;
And cease, fond prattling one!
Thy mirthful mimics there.
See sister! brothers join
Around, on bended knee;—
Sweet voices, soft and low,
Now blending, rise to Thee,
Father supreme!—Let no
Contending passions rise,
But pure their souls from sin,
While dreams, to yonder skies,
Convey their spirits in.

AN ACROSTIC ON LAURA HEMANS,
AGED FOUR YEARS.

BY HER MOTHER.

L AURA! most dangerous gifts hast thou,
A charm before which all things bow.
U nchanging sweetness, too, we trace;
R ose and liliated tints throw blending grace
A ll o'er thy archly smiling face.

H eav'nly blue, full beaming bright,
E nchants us in thine eyes' clear light.
M ore of life's woes than joys for thee,
A s ever changing scenes you'll see.
N o earthly bliss without alloy
S miles from heaven, the only joy.

MISSISSIPPI STEAM PALACES IN 1843.

IN the winter of 1843, the Alexander Scott, then commanded by the gallant Capt. Swan, was one of the swiftest and finest packets on the Mississippi river. To one but little accustomed to traveling on those palace-like boats, it was enchanting to be suddenly ushered into her gorge-

ously adorned saloons. A superb floating hotel, wherein was served up with exquisite taste every delicacy imaginable. Here, in the gentlemen's apartment, or more properly speaking the dining saloon, are grouped the animated crowd of business men, relieved by the indolent,—the fashionable. Opening into this apartment are the beautifully gilded doors of a vast number of state rooms. Comfort, elegance and ease are studied in the arrangement of these delightful sleeping rooms. Through immense folding doors of varied and splendid workmanship you enter the ladies private apartment and enjoy the delicious notes of harmonious sound, now breathing from yonder superb and finished instrument. Sit down on this elastic sofa, or seek the dreamy indulgence of inviting chairs; whose easy motion accords well with the soft effeminacy of pleasure-loving *Creoles*. Few meet in this proud and richly decked apartment but the high, the gay, the fashionable. Scarcely ever will the fastidious eye be offended by the meanly dressed, the awkward passenger; yet the rooms are filled. Those who rush eagerly into that vortex of gait, of dissipation, are here. Ah! how many millions, in the Crescent city, are yearly lavished! The restless speculator, the sensual man of fashion and the quiet business man; all resort with earnest expectation to that vast emporium of the South. This is one of the favored packets between St. Louis and New Orleans, whose speed is unrivaled and whose success is equally undoubted, patronized as she is by the moneyed aristocracy. In the Western world they

own no other supremacy but that of wealth, and how can it be otherwise in the infancy of Republics, where literary tastes and the fine arts are overwhelmed in the tumultuous rush of the *giant* crowd. Onward, still onward rolls the restless wave, till the Western Ocean's shores, shall be crowned with loftier, prouder edifices than the fading East.

But whither are we wandering from those banks, whose productions are as luxuriant as profitable. When first beheld, how novel, how interesting the scenery on the beautiful but extremely monotonous plains of Lower Mississippi? But they are too uniform to awaken ought but the calmest emotions. Nothing sublime, delightful, or grand in a region bounded by irreclaimable swamps, where men brave every form of evil in fond adoration of the golden calf. These alluvial southern lands may be styled our Indies, so alluring, yet so fatal are they to those reared in a colder, purer atmosphere.

Swift as a winged messenger, our noble boat flies through the whirling, turbid wave; and here we are breathing a few moments under the lofty crumbling hills of mould, whereon stands Natchez—an old Spanish town. Ah! it could tell of the renowned, who left the *ancient world* and sought in the *new* to perpetuate her worn-out, debased theories. Nothing like a city appears to one waiting beneath these overhanging natural battlements; we see only wretched establishments, temporarily constructed, as the river, during high water, makes great and terrible molestations here. But why such a murmur of expectation from

the waiting and anxious crowd, who rush eagerly to the decks. Henry Clay! the captivating man, the eloquent statesman, has just arrived in that splendid boat from the Crescent city; and all would see *him*, whom many delight to honor. Look, he comes! it is he! it is Harry of the West! but pale and worn, as if overtaken with perpetual flattering attentions. One glimpse of that noble, yet sarcastic face and attenuated form, and we are off again, between clouds of smoke and foaming water. And who were those that came on at Natchez? was now enquiringly whispered around; the handsome lady and remarkable looking old gentleman. All judged them an agreeable addition to our party, considering them fashionable and distinguished; yet none seemed to know but the pale and thoughtful looking Virginian, who recollected the dark-eyed Mrs. P. and the Governor, formerly one of the most acute and powerful orators of the day.

But see the folding doors are thrown back and in moves the slightly formed figure of the commander. With smiling face and graceful bows he announces the morning repast. And here tastefully equipped in easy morning dresses are the graceful maidens and their languid swarthy mothers, awaiting the arm of lover or husband. Moving with difficulty through the standing crowd, came the *remarkable man*, though decrepid from repeated accidents; still vigor and resolution mark his angular features and striking form. In silence he offers his arm to the beautiful and blooming wife and we are soon seated around the amply spread board.

with those of the Achafalia by the short and crooked bayou, are to be seen an irregular cluster of various buildings, bearing the French name Plaquemine. By this little village and bearing the same name, abruptly turning its winding channel, passes the strong outlet of the irresistible waters. Up this natural canal pass the packets for the fruitful regions of St. Martinsville and Oppelousas; but when the river is low this pass is perfectly dry; the boats then resume the other route passing down the Red river into the interior. Most of the bayou boats are small and inconvenient, being conducted very differently from the elegant packets of the proud father of waters.

The Alexander Scott, with its precious freight of immortal beings, were to gain their destined port in a few hours. But how dark and impenetrable the night! Yet see there are a few lights gleaming in the distance. It is the lantern of that hideous establishment the Plaquemine Hotel, and here the noble boat paused a few moments in order to land the lady and her children, accompanied by their servants.

This family consisting of the mother and four small children, were directed to land here and await the St. Landry boat, in order to go to their destined home far into the interior of Western Louisiana, a land intersected with immense swamps and wide spread savannahs, whose myriads of sparkling tiny lakes, so beautiful amidst the verdant landscape, are fatal during summer; for then exhales their poisonous miasma. This unfortunate little band of

adventurers landed from the cheerful and gaily lighted boat, blooming with health and beauty and full of joyful expectation of the untried and romantic future. Ah! fancy had lent her aid and represented the western districts as perfect from the mighty power of her natural endowments.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and never was any reception more gloomy than met this doomed family, within the huge piratical establishment or in other words the hotel of the parish, whose wealth and power were maintained by the ignorance and helplessness of adventurers.

Of the overwhelming misfortunes encountered by these emigrants while sojourning in this land of death, amidst a heterogenous medley of French, Spanish and American adventurers, will hereafter be accurately and faithfully detailed by a surviving member. Ah! "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction."

And here began the daily woes,
That often frontier scenes disclose,
While thousand snares beguile
The venturous souls that wandered far;
For lo! the savage phalanx there,
Shall peaceful joys assail.

Alas! then every form of woe,
Seemed o'er bewildering path below,
To shoot malignant ray;

Envenomed serpents glide around,
While growling bears and panthers bound,
Upon their helpless prey.

See ! storms descend in angry floods,
While waters deep o'erflow the woods,
Where hideous reptiles roar !
And pestilential steams arise,
Yea, dense o'erspread the smiling skies,
And darken all the shore.

L A U R A ' S G R A V E . *

I BENT me o'er thy grave,
A quiet distant spot !
Where few that love thee pass,
Or mourn thee as forgot.

Alone, I stood beside
That grass o'ercovered mound,
And deeply sighed to feel
Thou slept 'midst strangers round.

Still deep my grief for thee,
Thou fondly cherished one !—
As first I mourned thee dead,
Or felt thy race was run.

*This interesting and deeply pious child, of great beauty and amiable deportment, died suddenly in her thirteenth year, at Mountville, Louisiana.

Methought, as low I knelt, /
And poured the earnest prayer,
That softly flowed thy voice,
Upon the silence there.

"O! mother hush thy sighs,
And wipe the falling tears;
Thy child a home hath gained,
Where never grief appears."

What if the ransomed dust,
Amidst the savage race,
Await the trump of God!—
He knows its resting place.

But O! how deep my woe,
I fain would sink to rest,
Beside my Laura's form,
And be forever blest.

Yet others claim my love,
And I must bid adieu
To silent, mouldering clay,
Till God its life renew.

With stricken heart, oppressed
I turned my streaming eyes,
On thy once cheerful home;—
But that deserted lies.

On—on, till life shall cease,
With helpless orphans left,
I'll bravely struggle through,
If by His side I'm kept.

Wesleyan Chapel, Westmoreland Co., Va.

THE following lines were written on the death of a relative—one of the loveliest, purest of human beings. As the lily, blighted by untimely frosts, or hurried to the dust by the overpowering tempest, so faded away, in early life, my beloved, my devoted friend, Elizabeth F—— L——, who died of consumption, in January, 1836, at Hayfield, Va., the residence of her uncle.

Lov'd one ! to purer realms of bliss
Thy gentle spirit's flown ;
With ardent tone thou sigh'dst for this,
And panted to be gone.
Home to thy rest sweet one !
'Twere wrong to call or wish thee thence,
Oft sorrows here for others' woes,
Thy feeling heart would grieve, and hence,
The ruin of thy own repose.
Yet, with unutterable anguish,
We beheld thy blue eyes languish,

The snowy brow, the hectic flush,
Where once transparent, fresh and fair,
The rose and lily mingled there.

Time was when thy Madonna face,
Would lighten o'er with charming grace ;
Then thy dark eye would brilliant seem ;
But transient was the brightest beam.
A placid softness soon would steal,
And thy calm, quiet soul reveal.
Ever from childhood's artless hour,
We loved with fond devoted power.—
Ah ! sweetly dreamed as thus in youth,
Our ardent friendship's sacred truth,
Life's evening hour, with ray serene,
Would still adorn. How changed the scene !
In haste, sepulchral gloom unclosed,
The silken cords of life unloosed,
And calmly sweet, thou restest now,
Where waving trees their shadows throw.

Yet there was one whose earnest eye,
Bespoke undying fervency,—
Who sued and won thy youthful heart.
But oh ! was falsely bound to part,—
Estranged and severed from thy side,
By selfish, vain and hollow pride.
Alas ! he was not near to soothe
With parting vows of love and truth.—

Consumption's slow, but sure decay,
Prey'd on thy form ;—to waste away
The plumpness of thy lovely cheek,
'Till piteous grown—yet calm and meek ;
Alternate swayed by earth, by heaven,
Thy fluttering heart to love was given,
Yet struggled to be blest and free
From earth's dark links of slavery.
Then mem'ry hail !—now o'er the past,
Thou dost enchanting visions cast.
O! bring the lov'd, the lost to sight,
Yet moving on in shadowy light,
As if she felt her course was brief,
And sighed to feel how deep my grief.

I see thy glossy waving hair,
So softly, meekly parted there,
O'er lowly brow, yet pure as fair,
Wherever calm and mournful grace,
Harmonious played o'er pallid face ;
As silv'ry moonlight's chastened glow,
Thy beauty brightened all below ;
While heaven's glorious lustre shed
Its hallowed charms around thy head ;
Divine and holy beams of light,
That oft with love shall gild my night,
Shall bid me dream of wandering free,
A star-crowned seraph there with thee !

Thrice glorious hope, whose rays afar
On midnight gloom, as sacred star
Cheered Eastern pilgrims watching there,
Now o'er my lonely pathway shine,
Bright kindling here sweet peace divine.
From friendship torn, with faithful eyes,
I'd trace thy flight where earth-born sighs
Shall never from thy spirit rise.

Though dead, I always feel thee near ;
Ah ! gently chiding when I err,
And sweetly soothing when I mourn ,
Soft whispering peace where thou art borne ;—
Through worlds of blissful, purest love,
Now floats thy soul, where angels rove.

Yet oh ! etherial essence, say !
When first to view the dazzling ray
Of bliss extatic, on thine eye
Enraptured shone—Eternity,
Unveiling vast unbounded joys—
How dwindled earth's most gilded toys ?
Angelic hosts thee welcomed round,
While heaven's arch with shouts rebound.

LEEDSTOWN, AN OLD VIRGINIA SETTLEMENT.

Here, oft in tears, I wandered o'er
Thy lonely plains and dreary shore—
Here often dreamed of Fortune's smile,
Yea, dreamed thou couldst my woes beguile.
Then seldom smiled, for round me played
Pride's high and visionary shade!
Since then, Time's overwhelming seas
Me onward swept—all calm—all ease.
Alas! but mocked my fainting heart;
Yet of life's earliest, sweetest part
Still, with me lingered truth and love,
Still claimed my heart all else above.

This is one of the oldest settlements in the Northern Neck of Virginia. It is a peninsula formed by the Rappahanock and Potomac rivers, and the Chesapeake Bay, including within its bounds a varied and sometimes beautiful region. Ah! if these uplands between the rivers were cloud-capt mountains, like those of classic Italy, or still nobler Greece, then might we truly boast of an earthly paradise, where pure, invigorating air counteracted the effeminate, soul-subduing influence of rich valleys, whose luxuriant fullness imparts an indolence averse to powerful emotions.

Hence the calm, rich, voluptuous beauty of many lovely forms reared in these vales, almost shut in from the mainland by the deep, clear creek frequently jutting out from the wide-spread river.

It must be the peaceful possession of a fertile region, that has so completely changed the character of a once energetic and warlike people. In corroboration of this statement, let us look back to that eventful period in the annals of time, when the hardy and resolute Briton prepared to leave his home ; that home endeared to him by social and domestic happiness ; but insupportable to *him* who dared to think as a free-born man should think, and who writhed under the continued encroachments of a tyrannical aristocracy. A galling chain whose links, from the petty Baron up to the royal Prince were cemented by the blood and tears of the suffering Plebeian. It was enough to cause them to seek another home, though that home appeared dim and uncertain beyond the Atlantic's receding wave. Behold an adventurous spirit prevailing from rank to rank ! A mysterious providence overrules the narrow, selfish purposes of man, and orders the swarming population from an overstocked region to go forth and spread their restless wings over the interminable West. And now, from the humble cottage and once quiet tradesman, to the lordly mansion, all is preparation. Their muscular frames are yet unstrung by the insidious breath of the poisonous gale ; hope sparkles in their glance, and bids

them smile an adieu even amidst the tears of their parting friends.

Merchants and soldiers join the band of emigrants to a virgin soil; yet that new, untilled and fertile land is possessed by tribes of half-naked savages, who will most boldly dispute with the hardy adventurers for their ancestral domains.

Leedstown! when thou wert first named by those who sought and valued that highest treasure of all that heaven or earth can bestow—Liberty! Freedom seemed then attainable. What though the rude and simple child of nature crossed thy path! Pause a moment, the angel of pity pleadeth for the wild children of the forest. O! stay thy hand! let love prevail over thy stern and warlike nature.

Here behold also, a germ of the future mighty empire, yet surrounded by primeval forests, whose lofty growth shall bow before the will of these invincible and persevering adventurers. Here rolls the Rappahannock, dark and threatening are its gloomy waves, o'erhung by tangled vines, from which issues the shrill war-whoop of the fierce native, whose swift canoe yet unmolested, cleaves the turbid stream, free as the wild bird that caroled to the winds, were the lofty Indians, silent and sullen in their majestic deportment, their innocence yet uncorrupted by the arts and warfare of civilized life.

Alas! those Britons—Christians by profession—braved the storms of that *barrier*, with which Nature kindly engirdled her favored, her last production, to engraft

the deceitful and ensnaring vices of civilized life. Yes, to our shame be it acknowledged, that nominal followers of the Savior! as tares amidst the pure grain, were led on by avarice and the lust of power, to supplant and subdue the then ignorant possessors of these beautiful regions. And worse than all, behold what baneful and pernicious vices follow in the train of their successful steps! This infant settlement shall soon hear the shrill and terrible voice of savage rage. Ah! then, as the father and brother girdeth on the sword of battle for the uncertain warfare, shall the fond mother, pale, but undaunted, turn her streaming eyes towards heaven, that sure refuge when earthly hope faileth. Alas! many shall go forth, but few shall escape the Indian's deadly glance and sure-aimed arrow; when his wrath is awakened, it resteth not until appeased in the blood of the aggressor. Fair and lovely inhabitants of now tranquil villages, little dost thou know how much it cost thy fearless ancestors to obtain these rich possessions for thee! And how different would have terminated those bloody catastrophes, had they have been more conciliating, more gentle in their intercourse; and above all, if they had come over only for the pure spirit of Liberty; but in many instances the more groveling passions stimulated them.

Avarice, the love of power, and selfish pride, too often steeled the cold Saxon's heart to all the gentler virtues. Yes, despite of the benign influences of Christianity, the Anglo Saxon inherited by birth the powerful and hitherto

unconquerable qualities of his race. Indomitable courage and persevering patience, where wealth or power bade him seek their own exceeding great reward. Yes, the love of gain and consequent power, I am persuaded, were the principal moving springs that caused the wave of immigration to roll from those decayed, time-worn shores of Europe, to the untried and solitary regions of the West. England has ever been a merciless depredator! Fearful and bloody were her struggles for the French crown. The channel that an all-wise Providence rolled between them, and her continental situation, alone prevented the British conqueror from obtaining full power. Yes, as complete an ascendancy as they gained over the prostrate Emerald Isle, Scotia's intrepid highlander, or the rural land of the humbler Welchman.

After having firmly grasped the triple crown, came the luxurious ease of wealth in the train of unbounded commerce, and soon the pride and pomp of India's ancient kingdom's were laid at the feet of Ocean's Queen. She saw herself without a rival, through the immense power of innumerable shipping, which claimed a tribute from every land. And now though the dazzling glories of thy thousand victories by sea and land encompass thee, as with the bright and imperishable halo of immortality, yet shalt thou awake and feel the hand of retributive justice; for within thy bosom are being nourished thy deadliest foes; and ere long shall burst the storm, now kindling, whose lightning flashes shall purify the empoisoned atmosphere.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,"

making use of the intractable passions of the multitude for their ultimate good. Hence, though these Britons were bent by their ruling passions to seek a free, far off region; yet God's power has drawn good from the evil. It is true, many pilgrims of deep piety and self-denying principles gained these shores, yet most of them chose the bleaker climes, where their laborious descendants still hold undisputed sway over the minds of their more generous but indolent brethren of the South. Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, with their then unknown Western frontiers, were parcelled off as grants from the British crown to the young sons of noble houses, or to wealthy merchants who vested their surplus stock in the far distant Continent.

Doubtless some of the most courageous and enterprising of our early citizens, were children of convicts, criminals transported hither from the mother country for petty misdemeanors; perchance trespassing on some haughty Baron's wide-spread domains; or more boldly smuggling in the forbidden goods.

The little colony, once as a distant speck on the Western horizon, has gradually risen, and lo! now spreads forth as a portentous cloud, whose showy volumes roll across the angry heavens. But a little while ago, England's proud flag floated from many a noble vessel anchored before the thriving village, freighted with the pro-

ductions still demanded from the mother country. Almost every article in use was sought for beyond the ocean ; from the elegant London-made garment to the materials for constructing their private and public buildings.

But her sway, though mighty, was a short one. Alas ! in grasping at inordinate power, she lost all. Though bound by fondest ties to the parent, the American daughter was of the lion race, and could feel as well as resent oft inflicted injuries. Here where the plough now traces its furrows, gathered the anxious crowd, in mute astonishment, at the continued and bold aggressions of a king, who viewed them in the light of wayward, silly children, but to be awed into submission by his chastising rod.

Ah ! though they love as loyal subjects, yet they love themselves in their adopted country far better. True scions of the olden stock, where self-interest was at stake. Patriots firm and undismayed where home and home-felt enjoyments were endangered. Behold now the Declaration of Independence hath sounded, even through her most loyal colony of Virginia. And Leedstown, though but a village, yet near thee was cradled the infant Washington, his youthful form was seen within thy halls, whose majestic power was yet to awe nations into silent admiration. Methinks I see the aged fathers of the settlement whose infancy dawned amidst Albion's verdant scenery, but whose matured strength was given in defence of this then helpless colony. Men who fought side by side with Briton's soldiery, against the fierce Indian and remorseless

Frenchman. Grey headed veterans, who shrunk with horror from encountering the hitherto invincible chivalry of England, astonished beyond utterance at the mighty daring of the more youthful race, who boldly called for immediate separation. But hark! the voice of a Lee pleads with impassioned eloquence; a longer endurance will but rivet our chains, will bow our necks beneath a servile yoke, and we shall be no longer as freemen. With streaming eyes they murmur prayers to the God of Justice, and bid the awful struggle—the battle for life or destruction, between brethren begins its fierce career. Here mingled in the gay assembly, the lesser stars that adorned our early history; here youth and loveliness, combined with music's voluptuous swell," (when the storm of war had ceased,) to soothe the soldier into sweet dreams of forgetfulness. Alas! thou art now deserted by the gay, the busy crowd, and not one vestige remains of thy former beauty and power. A few of the last century can only tell that once thou wert the abode of wealth and genius, and point where once stood the pleasant home or the public edifice. All, all have gone down to the dust; and nought remains but thy sounding shores and wide-spread valleys.

NOTE.—Here at Leedstown, on the Rappahannock, the writer passed some months previous to her removal from Virginia to the South, in 1837.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING VIRGINIA IN 1837.*

FAREWELL ye hills, ye vallies green!
Adieu each fond remembered scene!
Ye once were dear, yet dark the showers
That gathered o'er life's morning hours.
Alas! here flowed my tears of woe,
And shadowed gloom on all below.
Yet must I weep to leave those mounds,
Where sleep within their narrow bounds
The mouldering forms once dear as life;
E'er busy scenes of mortal strife,
My wayward restless soul had sought,
'Till of life's sorrows early taught.

A last adieu ye waving trees!
And mournfully the whispering breeze
Sighs as its tones were of the past,
From spectral shades that lingering cast
A parting glance, where strangers roam
O'er their yet unforgotten home.

*This was written on the old upper country establishment of the Foote family; the place was called Truro, after the English village of that name in Cornwall parish, England, but it no longer remains in the family, having been sold.

List! heard ye that sepulchral moan,
Rise o'er the gale, as dying groan
From once lov'd forms—alas! in vain,—
They'll soothe no more this brow of pain.

My father-land! I come to say
A long farewell; I may not stay;
Fates stern decree, I must obey.
See! fortune beckons me away,
And there, where western waters flow,
With heedless, wandering steps I go.
Ah! e'en on Fortune's smiles rely,
Though false as vain those smiles to try,
Pausing I feel those turbid streams
Will shine but mid illusive beams.

I weep to feel Time's changes wrought,
Since last I here so fully fraught
With dreams of wild, of vainest thought—
So! often wandered o'er this lawn,
E'en then, mysterious and unknown.
Now nature's sweet and fair array,
May not this bosom's pain allay,
Still gracious God thy love I view!
As I the past, the changed renew;
And feel each tie from day to day,
To passing things swift melt away;
Yet still these scenes to me are dear,
For hand in hand we wandered here.

Still eloquent, though mute thy flowers!—
Breathing of past enamored hours.—
Embowering, cool and verdant shades,
To childhood's eye thy bright arcades,
Where blest abodes for sorrow's breath,
But transient passed thy flow'ry wreath.

Friend of my soul! I call to view
Thy sweet expressive eye of blue,
Who ever loved with me to share,
High soul refining pleasures here.
How oft beneath yon moon's soft light,
We bounding played as 'twere our right;
Sorrow and pain swift glanced us by,
For joyous youth and hope were nigh!
But now 'tis sad to gaze around,
For many slumber—how profound—
In rosy health, in mirthful glee,
Who dreamed of death thus soon to see.
Yes! all are gone! few could withstand
The gilded bait from distant strand.
'Tis vain to call! the youthful bands
Are scattered far o'er many lands.
Yet O! how changed by sordid gain,
Or honor's dream, on battle plain.
To Southern climes, have rashly flown,
Seeking perchance for gold alone.

Farewell! oft scenes of anguish deep,
Ah! ne'er in time can memory sleep;
For sparkling eye and glowing lip,
Dared not life's early pleasures sip,
Though glit'ring near the bubbles shone,
From grasping hand they vanished soon.

Here in this chamber worn and old,
My gray-haired nurse her marvels told;
If low its roof, this *attic* claim'd
My earliest lines then rashly named,
By friends, by foes, a child untam'd.
My aged nurse! thou did'st with love
And tenderness unwearied move,
When sleep composed, when pain distressed,
The helpless ones! by thee caressed.
Here o'er me watched with faithful eyes,
Here soothed with hope the orphan's sighs.
Ye of the patient sable race!
Ye did my early griefs solace.
And righteous heaven the suppliant's prayer,
Will deign most graciously to hear.
O! let the African be blest
With hope and meekness full possessed;
E'en still await high heav'ns behest.

Alas! that sorrows chilled my heart,
Yet mem'ry never can depart.

Fain would I note thy resting place,
Most faithful of an humble race!
But O! misfortune's chilling blasts,
The heav'n of my life o'ercasts,
While fraudulent and treacherous deed
Hath deeply pierced,—hath left to bleed.

When died my mother—'midst their tears,
Her smiles of hope, forbade their fears
To darken o'er departing hours,
Triumphant knew that God was ours,
Ah! bade the little band farewell!
With the fond hope where angels dwell,
The loved and cherished yet should meet;—
The mother fond, her children greet.
Then gathered round with grief o'ercast,
When their dear mistress breathed her last;
The tried who knew, who loved her best,
Received her solemn last bequest.
“With fostering love, untiring zeal
My children rear; O! for them feel,
Whose tender age no mother knows
'Till God in death your labors close.
The faithful guard their vows have kept
The promise made e'er thou had'st left,
E'er gained thy home where God doth reign,
And pilgrims rest from earthly pain.
Yes my mother their vows were not,

Though deemed but slaves, by them forgot,
And now ye meet where darkened hues
No more shall shame,—for heavenly dews
Of grace divine shall cleanse all stains ;
And on those free eternal plains
The slave enfranchised too shall rove
Where God is heaven and heaven is love.

Sainted mother ! thy orphaned band
Hope yet to meet in spirit land,
When life's deluding dreams are o'er
Immortal crowned forevermore !

ADDRESSED TO THE CAVERNS AND MOUN-
TAINS OF VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY.

HERE still, as in days of yore,
The wild cataracts deaf'ning roar !
Amidst crags unsought, unknown,—
Where the eagle bird alone
Holds, his undisputed throne.

Now hail ! o'erruling genii !
Of mountains desert scenery
And caverns deep,
Swift unveil the past ! disclose
Whate'er the future shows
Of vision'd sleep.

Come! and with ethereal fire,
Bid my glowing soul aspire
On Time's bold wave ;
Lo! enchanting mysteries speed
Haste! my trembling footsteps lead
Where torrents rave.

Down in nature's halls of state,
Silent pomp and grandeur wait
The last decree.
And see! in hues of crystal light,
Shapes and forms bewildering bright,
Start around from buried night,
Mysteriously.

How spirit-like amidst the gloom
Of thy dark vaulted tomb
These splendours seem.

But for yonder gushing wave,
Silence reigns as o'er the grave,
Or slumbering dream.

Where once the sparkling water fall,
Lo! now the pillared sparry wall,
Its softly yielding spirit gone ;
Transformed to wonderous shapes of stone
Behold the fretted columns fair!
Here their glittering summits rear,
And uphold the spacious dome,

Bright as Peri's fabled home,
Where the light and happy roam.

On yonder throne where brilliants blaze,
As if lit up by magic rays,
From pure angelic gaze,
Bright spirits dwell.

And see the chasms—dark, profound,
From whence with sullen sound
And louder swell !
The hidden waters lash
Their depths with sudden dash ;—
But fare thee well !

Where deeply awed I've wandered far,
Through glorious magic halls of spar,
Then welcome now,
To palid brow,
The pure reviving mountain breeze,
Since gained the air, the towering trees ;—
Once more on lofty peak
I stand, and feel my cheek
Fanned by the ruder breeze ;
Once more o'er hills and plains
I fling empassioned gaze,
And feel through thrilling veins
The throb of mild amaze.

O'er my soul deep thought enkindling,
Floats sublime with clouds commingling,

As fleecy mists with rapid whirl,
Now gathering spreads the lower world,
But spans not o'er the mountains brow,—
Its flowing torrents sweep below.

Hail ye groves! of primeval solitude,
And ye! fierce rushing streams with murmurings rude;—
The music of thy hoarse and hollow winds,
Within this troubled breast accordance finds.

Adieu! my childhood's home!
Farewell ye lowland bowers!
For here I'd ever roam,
Amid thy airy towers.

How congenial, where eloquent
Silence o'errules the wide domains,
As yet by furrowed glebe undent,
For nature still triumphant reigns;—
Nor minstrels lay, nor pastoral flocks
Are seen or heard amid thy rocks,
Nor factories' hum, nor village bell,
Startles the wild bee from his cell.

Prophetic visions to my view,
Shall golden periods bring anew;—
Afar in yon secluded vale,
I see the peaceful arts prevail.—
The lofty halls, the college green,
Where thoughtful musing student's seen.

Yon mossy rock where cascades pour,
In whelming foam continuous roar,
Shall whirling wheels swift power give;
Shall bid the toiling laborer live;
The cottage white, the climbing rose,
In fragrant wreaths its charms disclose;
Behold ! on terraced mountain steep,
They now the purple vintage reap;
Ah ! here in clustering pride shall grow,
What e'er enlightened man should know,
For then the mighty forrest falls
Before the city's sculptured walls,
Where flows the wealth of every land—
In copious streams at pride's command.
Then too the fruitful hills and plains,
Shall echo loud and mirthful strains.
Yea, then, the sun more fervid shine ;—
The gentle breezes soft as thine,
Hesperia's warm and equal line.

A FRAGMENT IN IMITATION OF BYRON.

AWAY ! I hate the gay, the restless crowd,
How aches my heart, how throbbing pulses bound ;—
Yea welcome far deep shades' umbrageous gloom,
Where spectral forms shall beckon to the tomb,

And all my soul mysterious light illume.
Adieu ye gay ! who float in beauty rare,
Disdain the sensual trifling pleasures there,
And hither come where verdant lawns invite
Th' expanding soul to high and pure delight ;—
Harmonious nature widely spreads her feast,
And intellectual man may share with beast,
The joy of sunny skies, though not a guest,
That only feeds the selfish pampered taste ;—
For him the flowery world exhales its sweets
And thousand beauteous charms his senses greets !
For him euphonius sounds of music swell
Sublime o'er mountain top or wooded dell !—
For him the sparkling stars their lamps shall light,
And glorious orbs adorn the brow of night ;—
For his delight the elements conspire !
Yea, gently soothe or fan his proud desire.

Nature thou alone canst fill my panting soul,—
Where towering cliffs their foaming torrents roll ;
Or glowing sweet in roseate face divine,—
Or decked in verdant robes more brightly shine.
Spiritual essence ! strange yet, and felt,
Throughout mind or creations wide extent.—
Wonderous power in wrathful storm sublime,
With thundering echoes shake this shell of time !
Then genial symphonies unfold my plume,
To soar aloft or sink in endless gloom ;

My wings of fancy droop where mortals gaze,
Eagle-like they love but desert ways,
Exulting bound where peaks and glaciers rise,
As if more nearly felt the bending skies.

TO WOOD LAWN.

Addressed, by permission, to Mrs. E. P. Lewis, the adopted child of Washington.

Wood-Lawn ! what fair and beauteous scenes
Thy magic name recalls !
Again the lost—the loved appear,
As once within thy halls.

With graceful form and courteous air,
As Nature's faultless one !
Sweet smiles the lovely genius there,
Fair child of Washington.

As castle seen in landscape view,
Of Albion's noblest race,
Arose the fair and lofty home,
In sculptured pride of place.

Oft there my kindling fancy gazed,
With mute and full delight,

Upon the patriot's pictured forms,
Enshrined in glory's light.

To mem'ry's view, reflected still
Thy grassy lawns and glades,
Where stately trees embow'ring hung
O'er flow'ry fragrant shades !

There gently glides the blue-eyed maid,
To love and thee allied.
O ! soft the sweet, inspiring tones
Of Angella, thy child.*

Ah ! soon on yonder sunny plain,
Her beauteous form shall fall ;
And closed in death, the azure eye
That beamed with love on all.

There once in peerless charms arrayed,
With swan-like grace of mein,
Beamed forth the dark-eyed loveliest one !
Upon the raptured scene.

Alas ! that love and beauty weep—
The gentle Agnes died ;
In Northern climes, the flowrets fade,
Of home the joy and pride.

*Mrs. Angella Lewis, wife of the Hon. Lewis Conrad, of Louisiana, who died in the South. She lies interred in the family vault of Mount Vernon ; over her remains a beautiful monument has been raised.

Friend of thy race! thou lingerest still,
The mother fond and true,
Though late for *him*—the only son,
Thy heart hath bled anew.

O! live to bless with cheerful smiles,
Thy fair illustrious one!*

On distant coast with faithful steps,
Her even course is run.

The *mourner's* prayer for her is breathed,
That smiled upon her way,
And cheered the ruffled brow of care
With hopes of brightening day.

No more thy blooming household band,
With radiant smiles, shall greet
The favored guest, that often sought
Sweet Wood-Lawn's classic seat.

*Mrs. Frances Parke, wife of Col. E. G. W. Butler, of Louisiana, only surviving child of the Wood-Lawn family.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

OR, A SKETCH CHARACTERISTIC OF EASTERN VIRGINIA.

WELL, thank heaven! Fourth of July, with its exciting, yet truly amusing farce, is over! The designing man of the world, the merry, laughing maiden, the bustling ma-

tron, all conspired to render the scene anything but agreeable to the quiet-loving philanthropist!

But why all this display—this varied assemblage? A few of the influential, and consequently aristocratic, families of W——, (for that hydra-headed monster, aristocracy, still struggles here for the ascendancy,) have united with the illiterate, but rich, for the avowed purpose of raising, by a Fair, the means to build, or start the sluggish souls into action, and consummate what has long been projected. Without further metaphor, it was resolved, if possible, to erect an Episcopal church within the bounds of O—— G——, which was adorned with but one house for worship, and that an unpainted, *barn-like* building.

In the yard of the O—— G—— tavern, already famous in the county annals, were erected spacious arbors, so densely thatched with fresh foliage, as to render them impervious even to the rays of that brilliant sun, which surely never shone purer or brighter than on that glorious day. Long tables, richly supplied with the delicious productions of the adjacent rivers, were spread under these cool and most inviting rustic saloons. Here dined, too, the little great, who deigned most condescendingly to mingle with the mass, although incapable of looking beyond their immediate circle. These are they who live neither for posterity nor eternity; whose minds grasp not at what might or could be accomplished, and whose souls spring not on the viewless winds to join the millions who

rejoice over freedom's past victories, in bright anticipation of her future boundless career.

Here were the *elite* of W——, gathered in joyous groups because of the fair. Ah! ought a house of God to be erected by such means, and by a people so well endowed, yea, blessed with princely establishments, wherein luxuriates selfish, sordid mortality, yet pretend to honor high heaven by ensnaring the guileless, simple-hearted peasant?

But let us enter that celebrated hotel, occupied by a mysterious, a remarkable *woman*. Within its apartments are tastefully arranged a variety of frail, gaudy articles, intermixed with the tempting delicacies of the season.

Fruit, confectionery, flowers,—all vying with the artful smiles and alluring blandishments of the giddy, the vain, the heartless, to throw over the fairy scene a bewitching air of reckless mirth, of wildest gaiety. A ball or an old fashioned barbacue, given for the double purpose of mirth to the young and benefit to the church, would have been as sanctified and as grave in its proceedings, as this truly ludicrous affair, gotten up to assist in constructing a sacred edifice, wherein would be worshipped that Being who looketh not upon sin with the least degree of allowance.

Fairs for any purpose are very questionable means of raising money honestly; they much resemble lotteries, relying for success on the easily duped, the too credulous child of nature.

But the W—— Fair was also a celebration of the Anniversary of Independence; wise heads selecting this day as one consecrated to festivity, to joyous freedom, to generous emotions; hence their undoubted success.

This was no cold water business; the spirit of the fiery waters held undisputed sway over the congregated mass, exciting their pride, their love of ostentatious parade. No eloquent voice was heard to plead the cause of Temperance, of sobriety; though a few mingled in that heterogeneous assembly in whose veins rolled the blood of revolutionary *heroes*. Alas! the destroying rust of indolence, of selfish, pampered pride, hath corroded their nobility of soul, from whence should spring perennial streams of patriotism—streams that should refresh, that should bid bloom again their illustrious ancestors' native land.— Spirit of a Washington! voice of a Wirt! once more awake the slumbering energies of your race. Let their talents be buried no longer; forbid they should boast of what time and their forefathers have wrought, while they continue as sluggards in their Master's vineyard, even now overgrown with rank and poisonous weeds; or worse than idle, encouraging by voice, by-hand, a spirit decidedly injurious to the well-being of a justly conducted community. The talents, the wealth of a society, should seek for its members that which constitutes true power, or else they are unprofitable branches.

Better far, should an assembly have been convened on this hallowed day, commemorative of Independence, to

have listened to one, whose heroic voice should eloquently plead for institutions that denote a progressive state of society. *Institutions* which are declining around, yea, crumbling into dust, unsustained by the nobles of the land. He might point to the ignorant, degraded poor; he might weep over the wealthy, secure and favored in their own proud dwellings, yet destitute of sacred edifices! Aye, dependent on humble dissenters for their Sunday's resort. He might bring to view other portions of the Union far less favored by nature, yet fondly cherishing those principles without which any country inevitably degenerates.

To God, all bountiful,
Whose power, most wonderful,
All nature rules,
Would we, his children, bend!
Our earnest prayer attend—
Let us no more contend
With falt'ring souls.

Grant now our suppliant cries;
Again bid heroes rise,
Like Washington.
From dull luxurious ease,
Our rising youths release,
E'er dreamy slumbers seize,
And nought be won!

Thou didst the storm abate,
Of deep and reckless hate—
 Oh ! smile once more,
And bid our land renew
Her early radiant hue ;
As morning's sparkling dew,
 Her youth restore !

ADDRESSED TO THE INMATES
OF MRS. GRAY'S HOUSE.

Ah ! faint are words of mine,
Or truth's expressive line,
To paint the depth of love
A stranger feels ! Above
The cold and selfish crowd,—
With purest love endowed ;—
They, for whom blessings flow—
They, who with grace bestow,—
And with soft, pitying hand,
As my own household band,
All tears would wipe away,—
You bade my footsteps stay,
Till fortune on me smiled
Erewhile, but sorrow's child !

Ye grave ! ye gay ! farewell !
Earth's honors with you dwell ;
For ye most truly feel,
And fain my grief would feel ;
Yet I must bid adieu
To friends who would renew
The youthful smile I wore
In joyful days of yore.
Lonely I feel,—apart
From those who claim my heart.
And thou, Eliza dear !
Hope's fondest votary here—
O ! ever wear that smile,
So free from earthly guile,
While passing swift away,
To yonder brighter day !

Baltimore, Sharp street.

ON THE COQUETTE.

O ! stranger fly ! by Syren's tone,
No more thy dreaming spirit lull,
Till all of manly pride is gone,
Till thou art reft of sense and soul.

CALYPSO like to her proud car,
She'd bend thy love, thy suppliant form,
Such trophies well her soul could bear,
Deceit, arrayed in virtue's form.

Quaff not the cup, though lily hand
Proffers with smiles, the sparkling wine,
'T will bow thee low at her command;
'T will too, with lasting chain confine.

Alas! thou wouldst no counsel heed,
And deemed it strange we thus should speak
Of one so true in heart, in deed—
False one, ne'er crimson'd o'er thy cheek
Remorse or pity's glowing streak.

In youthful charms seducing sweet,
Yet so capricious, dazzling bright;
Like comet's track, thy steps shall meet
In vengeful fire's unbidden light.

Thy time, as incense thrown, the flame
Of wildest vanity to raise,
That blooming honors pride might claim,
And rashly deem it truthful praise.

Thou hadst a smile, a tear, a hand,
For all who knelt before thy shrine,
Whilst thou the heir of slaves, of land,
With golden chains thy victims bind.

Yet triumph, vain, perfidious one;
See virtue frowning,—looks and chides.
Turn while forgiveness may be won—
Come while youthful grace abides.

Hazlewood, Va., 1830.

THOUGHTS ON DANCING AND SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS.

THE author would not offer the following remarks without an apology for thus boldly avowing sentiments that may appear at first glance to trespass on forbidden grounds. Yet she would hope the entire scope of these *thoughts* are strictly scriptural; they were hastily written in youth, in an obscure and distant settlement, without reference to others who have written with power and accuracy on the same subject. She believes her views entertained here, belong not to this race, but to that fabled golden period of old, when joy, innocence and truth were banded together by wreaths of love and temperance, e're the reign of Mammon scorched with its baleful and withering passions,—e're the human heart was forced to check its truest and purest emotions, and substitute false gaiety for simple and natural enjoyments. This was penned by the authoress when light of heart and gay of soul, she too could mingle in the innocent social pleasures of domestic life,

but never as an advocate for public revelry, where the brilliant splendors of the ball room pales before the glaring absurdity of the gorgeous theatrical scenery, whose fond votaries are of *earth* and earth only, and whose spirits seek not after heaven's purity, but vain excitement.

The tares accidentally appearing in this little sheaf, it is hoped, will not deteriorate from the wholesome qualities of the nutritious grain, which is offered from the best motives.

But lately I was called upon to hear a long unargumentative discourse against the much abused art of dancing. I came home quite perplexed, as all seemed I thought, to be led off from a proper view of the subject by the minister's superficial views.

Well, thought I, his impressions may be correct in some respects, yet surely it is wrong to condemn it altogether, because public scenes of festivity exhibit a picture incompatible with the quiet domestic virtues of christian life. I am convinced I could bring to view many facts, which should prove the healthfulness as well as the innocence of this most ancient art.

Full of this idea, I seated myself at my desk to hunt up long forgotten yet cherished memories. Ah! said I, am I quite assured that I have the right side, or am I yet vacillating; filled with the hope of justifying myself for daring to differ from so many around, and to arrange my own ideas clearly, I hastily drew out what I could recollect, and will proceed to lay it down without further preamble.

In the first place I do not think it is injurious to the cause of a religion, diametrically opposed to all superstition and fanaticism, to purify from grossness and all excess the pleasures of life innocent in themselves. Nay, start not thou rigid ascetic, but consult thy own natural feelings and smother no longer healthful enlivening emotions. The voice of God, the voice of wisdom, will teach thee to curb all sensual appetites within proper limits. But I tell thee pale-faced fanatic! beware how you check until you extinguish social enjoyments, that delicious exhilarating gas which sparkles over the daily draught of human life, unless embittered by misanthropic tempers and pursuits.

Tell me, ye who ever look only on the dark side of this truly beauteous world, why does man mourn? Why so much gloom and malice depicted on so many faces? Let us draw the mask and behold the workings of sinful passions. Envy, malice, pride, anger, what are-ye! but so many scorpions, whose stings inflict ever-during agonies in the breast which nourishes them.

Man is a threefold being, if we call intellect a pure spiritual essence, that electric chain binding him to the angelic hosts who float through space unencumbered with material substance.

The moral sentiments in a well ordered character should serve as a counterpoise, and properly balance the due animal propensities from sinking into the mere brute, or the subtlety of intellect rendering us unfit for our duties here.

Let us accordingly view him intellectually, morally and physically.

First, his intelligence will point out clearly, if unbiased by prejudice, what constitutes his real happiness. Now observe this well ! happiness consists in acting as a three-fold being, not encouraging the growth of one quality to the injury of the others, as if we could lay down these material forms when we pleased and soar away into the spiritual world without sympathising with brutality. No, we perceive our minds are mysteriously operated upon by the exquisite mechanism of matter, what extreme folly then to allow one the entire ascendancy. Intellectuality when cultivated without reference to the moral or physical powers, will undoubtedly eventuate in madness or premature death. Fanaticism is a species of insanity when it bids us live the life of angels without regard to our physical constitution.

Moral power should hold in subjection, should purify by its heavenly aspirations the groveling appetites; but extinguish them—health, beauty and harmony no longer exist. Behold the dark gloom which fanaticism hath often cast over the most innocent enjoyments which we should thankfully sanctify, not obliterate.

Yes, we should all look and feel happier if we knew how to use and not abuse these ever-blooming joys planted around, above and beneath us, by our heavenly father, whose tender love has so ordered it, that a misapplication of any will jar the chords and mar our peace. Nothing

is forbidden if we can receive it in a proper spirit. There is the test.

Now some contracted illiberal minded professors of naturally gloomy temperament, are apt to view certain texts of Scripture as prohibitory of many physical enjoyments; if one is forbidden, why not all? We are called upon to separate ourselves from the *world*, but does that mean that we should have no share in earthly matters? What does it mean now? and what did it mean in those heathen lands, when idols of wood and stone glimmered on every height, but to separate themselves from the idolatrous use of each gift?

Among heathens every act was consecrated to their presiding gods; alas! how deficient are nominal christians in this respect, it is our duty and it should be our pleasure to ask the deity's blessing on each and every action. Hence the difference between the christian and infidel, one walks blindfolded through creation, the other breathes forth his aspirations of hope, joy and love, to the great First Cause.

Let us for a moment imagine these frightfully erroneous principles carried into the practice of every day life, as a regular system of mortification to all pleasures appertaining to a denizen of earth. Firmly entrenched in this doctrine are the advocates of penance. Those whom the power of wealth and superstition yet sustain; those who wield truly fanatic power over the gloomy monastery, the lonely hermitage; what have monks and nuns wrought

by their sepulchral immolation to aid the cause of true piety. Those who are ignorant of the creeds and peculiarities of the Roman Catholic church on this important point, should study them before they declaim against, or for self-denial and degradation of the allowable, nay I hope to prove enjoined duties. Some of the greatest saints of the Roman or Hindoo faith have undergone the most exquisite sufferings that their bigoted priests could impose; and for what do we ask? why to etherialize their poor emaciated systems, so as to be enabled to do without them altogether, in the first instance; in the other to appease the wrath of their gods by their self-inflicted tortures. Thus they impiously dare to arraign high heaven for implanting his spiritual seed in such a soil, and would go about improving and remodeling. Ah! let us ever remember those words of our Savior, when he addressed himself to the lambs of the flock, saying to the little children, "blessed are ye, for of such are the kingdom of heaven." Now I am persuaded all of us know something of the disposition of little children. Gaiety, innocence, love and faith, I may add, as children must have confidence in their parents or they cannot reverently and implicitly trust to their guidance. Let us lengthen out the comparison and view them, matured in body and mind, why should they then lay aside every early quality? No, let infantile purity be ennobled by the control of intelligence; yea even spiritualized by sympathies with things unseen yet felt but extinguish them at your peril! Dancing, singing

and the use of musical instruments, I grant, may be injurious, when abused worse than the heathens ever could in their extreme blindness be guilty of. If the moderate enjoyment of the first two are wrong, those who encourage the latter are not guiltless.

Those who are acquainted with dancing know that every emotion of the soul can be expressed by its varied gestures. The Jews in their worship rejoiced in their solemn dignified yet often joyful dance. The eastern people were more animated and lively in their religious and social habits than the western or present race. Dancing, vocal and instrumental music were socially and religiously exercised in Greece and Asia. At present the savages also have their terribly expressive dances.

The next objection is its unhealthfulness. Now this can be proved only by its abuse. Let the young dance every day and be taught a modest carriage equally distant from prudery, or levity, and they will not injure themselves as those who are unaccustomed to delicacies of the table, are apt to indulge too greedily; so those who seldom enjoy the exhilarating sound of music or mingle in festive scenes, are sure to suffer from excess.

Moderately and gracefully keeping time to music will cause the blood to circulate rapidly, and consequently excite the animal spirits to a happy diffusion.

Then shall graceful ease and modest sense,
Supplant affection's bold pretence.

The minister was strangely mistaken when he asserted that no such amusement was ever indulged in by the Hebrews socially. Forgetful of the parable of the Prodigal Son, there it is expressly stated that they danced with joy, or invited their neighbors to unite with them in demonstrating the effect of good news on the animal nature. P've no doubt they sang, danced and enjoyed themselves with grateful hearts.

He also declared it unclassical for men and women to mingle together in social and festive diversions, saying it was positive degradation for them to dance where men were present.

Those who are conversant in Ancient History and remember the manners of those polished yet corrupt heathens, know how unjust it is to judge the present by the past. Until the christian religion extended its sway, poor servile woman bowed in abject subjection. True, she grasped with equal ambition at all within her sphere, and often beyond it, when she proudly sat as equal beside the Roman conqueror. The annals of few modern governments can shew their superiors in wit, beauty and heroism, yet the gentler virtues inculcated by the religion of Jesus would have met the proud scorn of a Zenobia or Cleopatra. God forbid that the social and domestic manners of a nation, professing christianity, should compare with an idolatrous one. Let the fountains be pure and the streams will partake of its qualities.

Let the heads of families cultivate an innocent gaiety, banishing hence the malignant passions. Let them be awed by the knowledge of God's wisdom and power, while they manifest their love towards him, by cherishing it in sincerity and purity towards every member of his created family. Then should heaven descend and dwell with men for God is love.

Raymond, Mississippi, 1840.

THE SEASONS.

A SKETCH IN IMITATION OF AN ADMIRERED AUTHOR.

A Milder humid breeze prevails,
And soon will come the Summer gales;
Then Autumn's fertilizing rain,
As yields to Spring, Winter's pelting hails,
Cynthia each loss renews again.

Nature scarcely offers any refreshment more delightful than the cool breezes of night, to one who has panted under the scorching sun of our Southern States.

A few days past I suffered extremely from the excessive heat, and beheld the Vesper star take its place in the heavens, as it was the signal for me to repair to my garden; there to wander 'midst its pleasing labyrinths, and

inhale the dewy freshness of evening. I arose and descended by twelve steps into a circular grass plat, in the centre of which was a large basin, to receive the pure streams, which gushed continually from a marble naiad of exceeding whiteness and beauty.

Here glittered silver and golden fish, which with their graceful gambols disturbed the transparent waters. From China's distant seas they were snatched, to minister to our capricious delights. A low brick wall, over which climbed in wild luxuriance numerous vines, divided the green from a large *parterre*; from thence through a handsome iron gate you come into a large, broad walk of the finest turf, adorned on each side with trees exotic and indigenous.

On either hand a placid canal winds its glassy waves, whose sloping banks are shaded on one side with a wilderness, laid off in a variety of bowers and arcades; on the other is artfully arranged an amphitheatre, where are shaded from extremes of heat and cold, oranges, myrtles, and a vast number of exotic plants.

The moon shone with refulgence, and most pleasantly beamed in the place of the sun. I could discern by its soft and mellowed light, a thousand enchanting objects. Here also cascades sparkled in her silvery beams, while their foaming waters leaped down little artificial hills, with low, murmuring music.

The breath of cool zephyrs gently rustling the leaves; the varied melody of the mocking-bird; the delicious fragrance of flowers, and soft temperature of the air, dis-

persed all displeasing emotions, and gave a heavenly tranquillity to my soul, which was greatly increased by feelings of gratitude to a beneficent Creator.

In this lovely spot I felt as if the world and its follies were forgotten. An ideality of conception seemed to shut out the grosser things of time and sense. Ah! thought I, how sweet is night! how grateful to the heart of man its soothing quietude, after the busy hum and glare of day! charming also, is the perpetual return of the *seasons*.

Could I but turn my step towards thee, sweet Spring of my youth! But alas! irrevocably bent to the sad winter of life, must be my continual progress.

All that we probationary mortals of a day can do, is to smooth the asperities of our rugged way, by a trust in that Being who never slumbers, and in the calm enjoyments of such scenes as these.

Musing, I threw myself on a moss-covered rock, and soon fell into a profound sleep; yet my previous thoughts so affected my imagination, that I beheld in the wanderings of my disturbed fancy, the genius of the place. He approached and condescendingly bade me look on each season, which his magic powers called forth to charm as well as to instruct my astonished faculties.

With graceful, light and laughing mien, a youthful form before me glanced. Such blooming lustre, such joy irradiated his beautiful face, that methought his appearance the most agreeable I ever beheld. His flowing mantle of bright green silk was sprinkled with a variety of flowers;

his bright and wavy hair of golden hue was crowned with roses and lilies. The heavens assumed a deeper blue; violets and daisies perfumed the air, and all nature rejoiced at his approach.

On one side of this lovely figure appeared the Goddess of Flowers; on the other, Vertumnus, arrayed in his changeable garb. On a sudden I was surprised to see the glittering of armor, and a fierce, bold apparition, in whose blood-stained hand glimmered a drawn sword. From his menacing attitude and countenance, Mars was known. He too, is Spring's attendant, and claimed a place near him. He disappeared, however, as the sea-born Venus, radiant in loveliness, with a soft and gliding air, entered the bright circle. Unadorned, she yet captivated every beholder with her irresistible charms. Her love inspiring *cestus* encircled a globe clasped in her right hand; in her left she poised a sceptre of gold. The Graces appeared in her train, their snowy arms entwined each other with the most bewitching simplicity. Their zones were unbound, and their symmetrical forms kept time to the flow of music, alternately touching the verdant turf with their feet.

Then came the months which appertain to Spring. As March approached, I was disturbed by his rough, threatening countenance; but as he drew nearer, his strongly marked features relaxed and became softened; till at length a smile brightened so sweetly on his once stormy face, that as he turned from me I regretted his departure, though

he gave place to April, whose youthful form was ushered in by a thousand pleasing attendants. Though frequently his brow darkened o'er with passing clouds, yet they quickly melted away in sunny smiles.

Next came love-inspiring May, in whose gentle presence Cupid basked with irresistible blandishments. His bow was strung and an arrow quivered impatient to fly. Lo ! now what soft murmurings ! what gentle sighs fill the voluptuous air ? Some bewail their treacherous loves ; others breathe vows of constancy. All around me glowed with life and expectation, as Summer, crowned with delicious fruits and the most beautiful of flowers, advanced with hurried air ! In full lustre of health and beauty, his graceful, yet majestic figure, appeared. His ruddy cheeks glowed as the crimson hues of evening. Glossy and dark as night, his long silken curls waved around his bust. Never before had I seen grace and strength so united. His robe of transparent silk scarcely concealed his perfect form. With haste he passed by to recline on the banks of the refreshing stream which murmured near, though half hid in the luxuriant foliage and overhanging vines. Here the winged zephyrs hovered delighted around him, cooling his languid frame with the incessant motion of their outspread wings. Two heavenly beings attended him, whose lovely appearance added new charms to the scene. The rosy-fingered Aurora, dripping with dew, whose saffron colored mantle grew brighter as I gazed ; the other, Vesper, clad in flowing robes of azure and gold,

gemmed with crimson and roseate rays of light, whose fragrant breath he inhaled as it swept over the honeysuckles and lilies wreathed in their hands, expanding as they too felt the dewy freshness.

Pan and Ceres were in their train, attended by reapers who merrily danced to the sound of oaten pipes and cymbals. Then followed the Summer months. June wore some resemblance to May, but her step was less lively and her countenance more thoughtful; the other two moved with little spirit or animation; particularly August, who seemed so oppressed and languid as scarcely able to drag on his swarthy limbs.

They passed on and gave way to a figure slightly bent under the weight of time. His long beard and hair, once jet black, was now sprinkled with the silvery hue of age; his mantle was brown, tinted with yellow, like the color of the leaves which fall continually beneath his feet, with a dull, melancholy sound. Methought there was something mournful in his air, though he wore a crown of the pomegranate intermingled with the richest though scentless flowers.

Plenty, with a happy smile irradiating her healthy countenance, walked near and poured out the various gifts contained in her horn. Pomona, with her sparkling cup, appeared; while Bacchus enlivened the scene, being drawn in his chariot by fierce tigers, surrounded with a vast assemblage of satyrs, fawns and sylvans.

Then came September; his looks were equivocal;

sometimes as lively as Spring, and then suddenly wearing a sombre air; he moved as one advanced in years. October's garments were stained, and his hands imbued with the blood of the grape; his look was severe and his step firm and vigorous.

He gave way to November, who seemed inclined to loiter in mournful meditation, though pushed aside by the decrepid form, whose bald head was but partially concealed by the thin locks of snowy hair; his red eyes glanced quick and piercing; his long white beard glittered with icicles; his countenance bore the impress of suffering, and though wrapped in furs, his contracted limbs still shivered with excessive cold, while Boreas blew around him mingled blasts of hail and snow. His feeble body was supported on one side by Comus, on the other by Necessity, the mother of Fate. I beheld with surprise the singular form and robe of Comus; as he drew near his face seemed the most agreeable and alluring, while his laughter echoed loud in expressions of unrestrained mirth. On the front of his garments joy was delineated in the most charming shapes imaginable, with a thousand enticing emblems of freedom and licentiousness. As he turned from me, I was shocked at his shape, which bore so little resemblance to his face. His head was bold and monstrous in proportion to his meagre limbs, which trembled beneath the weight of his bloated form. On the back of his robe murder was horribly pictured with matted hair and a blood-stained dagger; and furious Anger, with his

gains; but what need hath an old and worn country for interpreters of its laws. Magistrates should be sufficient who form the court and cultivate the soil.

Oak Grove and its vicinity can only boast of what it once brought forth, being in the country honorably known abroad as the birth place of a Washington, Lee, Monroe and many distinguished men of the last century. The community for the most part consists of agriculturists or planters of grain, with a few merchandising geniuses, who deal in goods, wood, fish and whatever the limited commerce affords. To the eye of a stranger it seems wrong to cut down so rapidly the second growth of forests, which nature kindly grants to enrich the now impoverished soil, by its continued though moderate contributions, but every where you see immense piles of wood corded up, ready for exportation by these greedy and short sighted mortals, who live only for present gratifications.

Here, two excellent tailoring establishments find it impossible to fabricate the numerous and elegant garments demanded by the surrounding neighborhood, who truly seek to adorn the outward man, but alas! woefully neglect *the treasures within*. No village school-house adorns the grove where the young are trained for the future. Such an establishment could not be sustained alone by the illiterate poor, and the rich prefer teachers in their own abodes to public schools, where the vulgar and rude might impart strength and perhaps power to otherwise imbecile minds. The Spartans of old, cradled in simple republican

habits, were a powerful, though in some respects a rude uncultivated nation, yet they left us bright examples of heroic patriotism. Every free-born Spartan child was reared alike and received unbounded care and attention from its fostering mother, the *public*. Sparta! Athens! Rome! no longer exist as glorious monuments of present pomp and power, yet they emblazon the page of history and bid posterity learn from them wherein they erred. Of what avail the ancestry, the learning, the fortunes of the present race, if they seek not after the advancement of their country, and in every way to contribute to its happiness.

Ah! if a generous and noble enthusiasm should prompt the affluent to unite for the amelioration of the middle and lower classes, those needful links in society, then might those sterile, uncultured wastes bloom with perpetual luxuriant verdure. Then too the well sustained and noble factory, would give employment to the now sleeping and oppressed yeomanry of my native land. No longer would yonder stately edifice, bearing the illustrious name of Washington be closed. Its lofty portals would be again opened and free admittance given to *plebian* as well as *patrician*. O! shame upon such a community, possessing so little public spirit! so little interest in the prosperity of the mass. How can district schools flourish amidst the decayed families of aristocratic growth? Amidst the *mushroom* race who ape those above them and scorn the praiseworthy efforts of *kindred*, toiling to gain that fancied

eminence of sordid wealth, but alas ! of supercilious structure.

How clearly and openly such selfish, such illiberal conduct evinces their opposition to that glorious production of their ancestors, the Declaration of Independance !— Then was proclaimed that spirit stirring, that God-like truth, “All men are born free and equal.” Within a few miles of the Grove was born *one* whose fame as a warrior is acknowledged and undisputed even by potent rivals, and whose grandeur in every other relation of life has never been surpassed, yet his birth place is unmarked, unnoted by any tribute of grateful affection. Yet there is wealth and *may be some remaining* literary taste in Washington’s native county ; but alas ! the academy dedicated to his memory and reared within view of the site of his nativity, is sold as a private residence ; unpatronized, unsought, but by the pilgrim stranger who visits the still hallowed and sacred spot. Alas ! these people though blessed in many respects are far behind the spirit of the age. Europe, Asia, and even Egypt’s benighted plains feel the electric power of progressive thought. And shall Virginia ! the native land of a galaxy, whose brilliant stars shall ever gem Time’s canopy, until as a scroll it gives place to the heaven of heavens. O ! shall she be found slumbering at her post, when the watch word of nations is onward and upward.

Forbid it ye mighty spirits of the dead ! Ye heroes whose unconquerable energies revolutionized a nation.

Come spirit of the past! regenerate and revivify your descendants. Let the impoverished land restored to her former rank, take the glorious van in the march of Republics.

Virginia! once the patriot's boast,
How dimmed the lustre of thy crown,
Thy children seek another coast,
Regardless of thy smile or frown.

Westmoreland county is delightfully bounded on either hand by those noble streams, Potomac and Rappahannock. The soil of the higher lands between the two rivers is reduced and poor. A narrow strip winds along the margin of either river, extremely fertile and often charmingly adorned with picturesque villas, were they not disfigured by the rude cottages wherein vegetates the sable race. Between Fredericksburg and the Chesapeake bay are five counties, all intersected with beautiful creeks, abounding with wild fowl and delicious fish of every variety.

Yet the villages, churches and school-houses are all invariably on the decline; a few more favored flourish for awhile, but unsupported by the *tastes*, the *feelings* or *purses* of the people, soon dwindle into insignificance. Enough for the present; in a future paper I will tell you of more that meets the eye and pains the patriotic heart of a true Virginian.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY SON.

THE following lines were written on the death of my second son, William Hayward Foote Chevis, who died suddenly, after a short but severe attack of congestive fever, at Mountville, Louisiana, during the summer of 1844, in his eighth year. He, whose early and precocious childhood awakened within parental hearts the liveliest hopes of ripening age; he, whose infant years offered a bright example of Christian faith and piety, was hurried into eternity at a period when all were ill who could minister to his comfort or alleviate his sufferings. In an adjoining apartment, almost unconscious of the extent of her misfortunes, was the devoted mother, and around in other rooms were the members of this hapless family. Alas! distinct were those accents to the ears of the half-frantic parent to the last, within whose burning clasp was laid the premature babe. Ah! born whilst death, in its most ghastly form, seemed to brood over this doomed family. And now he sleeps in dust—the bright! the noble! the beautiful boy! May God the Father pity thy disconsolate parent, and ever permit thy gentle spirit to soothe with undiminished tenderness and love.

And art thou gone—my child, my blooming boy!

Now welcome death, if to my yearning soul

Thou canst restore, immortal hope and joy

Again unite—beyond time's dread control.

Alas! my Hayward! as life's morning star

Wert thou, and o'er the gloom of sorrow's night,
E'en as day's glowing messenger from afar
Couldst shed for me unborrowed lustre bright.

From anguish deep, what wakes my slumbering song,
Since vain alike my grief—my plaintive tones!
Yet breathe his praise, my trembling, falt'ring tongue;
Yea, utter forth thy wildest, deepest moans.

I dreamed, time for thee rich treasures brought:
Ah! dreamed—its happiness with thee to share;
Then seemed futurity with honors fraught,
Whilst health and purest pleasures waited there.

Alas! my vision's field—thou art no more.

Ah! whither shall I fly relief to find?
Whilst midnight gloom earth and heaven darkens o'er,
And grief profound enwraps my frenzied mind.

'Tis vain,—no thrilling thoughts or words of power,
Can e'er portray the anguish of that hour,
When God poured down, upon my fainting form,
The vials of his long suspended storm.

I lived—alas! how wretched and forlorn—
Whilst black as starless night, all nature's frown.
Writhing in blind despair, yet stunned I lay,
As one unconscious of the light of day.
Oft on the viewless winds I seemed to fly,
While fierce conflicting orbs swift glided by.

In 'wild'ring dreams I sought the spirit-land,
But woke to realize God's dread command :
To dust—to ashes—all I loved on earth.
Ah ! had I deemed them of immortal birth.
My Father God ! thou gav'st the lovely boy,
Awhile on earth, to bless with smiles of joy
But O ! how soon, Mysterious Power Divine !
Thou call'dst him back, to outstretched arms of thine !
O ! thus to heaven's eternal altars bind,
And with its faith eternal fill my mind,
Whilst through my flowing tears, I fain would say,
"Thy will be done"—if storms o'ercloud my way—
If grief my cup o'erflow,—e'en break my heart—
Submissive own, 'twas but a father's part,
'To chasten one who idol made of thee !
Forgetful of thy mortal destiny ;
Alas ! forgetful thou wert born to die.

 All earthly pleasures now
 Are light and vain, since thou
 No longer share with me
 In life's deep mystery.
Oft wouldst thou plead with playful smile,
 And thus with hope and love beguile,
That I, thy mother, fond and true,
 Should with thee sport 'neath yonder tree,
When evening hours of stars and dew,
 Seemed ever meant for love and thee :
Ah ! on that fragrant, verdant spot,

Where still thy playthings meet mine eyes ;
And where, with eager steps, were sought,
By faithful *Tray*, who seeks and sighs,
Alas ! in vain ;—with instinct true,
The hapless dog e'en knows thy fate ;
With languid eye thy haunts pursue,
And starts as on thy call to wait.
Ah ! soon near thee, with grief oppressed,
Thy *favorite* falls in death's long rest.

But seven times had this wheeling orb of earth
Coursed its annual round, since thy mortal birth
Gave thee to hearts enraptured with the bliss,
O'erjoyed to hail thee with parental kiss.
Yet swiftly passed thy radiant early hours,
Then o'er thy *home*, as breath of fragrant flowers !

When last on earth, thy plaintive accents call,
Beseeching aid—alas ! in vain from all.
For then around on beds of anguish laid
The loving, and the loved ;—o'er all prevailed
The feverish crimson glow—the raging pain—
Deliriums wild—and fiercely tortured brain—
Heard thee ! but vainly stretched the quiv'ring hand ;
For trembling limbs refused love's last command.
Farewell, my son ! when thou wert snatched away,
Then faded from my brow life's joyous ray !
Since hushed thy deep, melodious voice,
Since closed thy darkly brilliant eye,

For me no more shall life rejoice,
For radiant hope hath bloomed to die.
Then from my brow of pride
Was laid thy form beside
The sparkling crown ambition wove,
When love and hope alternate strove.
But lo ! to yonder throne
Thy ransomed spirit's borne,
And God, the Christian's trust,
Shall raise thy hallowed dust.
Then go ! where Wisdom's light,
In beams eternal, bright !
O'erspread, and fills all space ;
For there unveiled His face,
Who art creation's guide !
E'en He shall keep thee now, my child.
And O ! on heaven's fair plain,
Where peace and pleasure reign,
Shall bloom my lovely flower,
Beyond sin's destroying power,
Or death's unpitying doom,
That hides thee in the tomb.
Yea, tore thee from my heart,
Whose cords gave way when called to part,
And ne'er in time shall heal ;
Till at God's last command,
My own sweet angel band,
Bless'd Spirit guide to heav'nly land.

ON THE GRAVE.

Alas ! and do I fear to die—
To join the ransomed souls on high !
Why should I fear the grave ?

Yea, in its depths my Savior laid,
And there reposed his sacred head—
I'll fear no more the grave.

Nor shall its shadows dark affright,
For Bethlehem's sacred star doth light
My pathway to the grave.

There too, my friends are slumb'ring sweet :
There too, the weary rest shall meet—
I'll welcome, then, the grave.

ADDRESS TO LITERATURE.

WRITTEN WHEN FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

(CORRECTED.)

HAIL ! wondrous source of light divine !
From Wisdom's sun effulgent spark !
Whose noontide beams all earth shall own,

When through her vast, expanded bounds,
Shall burn, with deep'ning glow, thy truths.

When first o'er Europe's barb'rous shores
Glimmered faint rays of dawning light,
Man, the slave, awoke from feudal gloom,
His fetters felt, that long enthralled;
Exulting sprang, as newly born,
The heir of knowledge yet unknown.

Then monkish legends wildly filled
The timid serf, the Baron bold;
Thus urged by Wizard, man of lore,
Tow'rd Palestine's most hallowed plain,
They madly rushed, and proudly dreamed
Their swords a paradise should gain.—
Yet faltered forth fanatic prayer,
E'er grasped the spear, or poised the lance.

On Syria's oft contested shore,
Against the Moslem's hated race,
Behold! chivalrous warrior's meet;
Full nerved the mighty arm shall gain
A victor's meed, though dim its light;—
Howe'er so bright their proud array,
But few discerned thy coming day.

Wisdom! thy deep secluded fount,
Of classic, or religious lore,
Was sealed to all but frenzied priest.

'Twas strange ! though crowned with lofty pride,
Yet ignorance filled the bigot's heart ;
His hand a kingly sceptre bore ;
'That hand no lettered sign could trace.

Ye mystic lines ! with vast control,
E'en then ye energized the soul,—
Who from thy rills of hidden light,
Deep thirst with drafts immortal quenched.

Redeeming power ! I own thy aid ;
Yes, when rude passion's gathering storm
Darkly o'erhung my morning sky,
And to its depths my spirit stirred—
E'en then, life's vital springs o'erflowed
With hate, and woe, embittered deep.—
How mourned the lost, the wildered one !
What time fell legions of despair,
Ye seized my unawakened soul.

Thou ! solace sweet of loneliness !
Whate'er of grace or strength be mine,
I truly bend thy throne before ;
To thee ! most hallowed source of joy !
Now ever vowed this dreary life.

Ye stars ! ye silent monitors !
How oft with streaming eyes I've gazed
Upon your bright, unchangeable light !

And there immortal truths would read,
Truths plainly stamped on heaven's pure page.

Essence sublime ! of peace, of love,
Pure spiritual delights infuse,-
Communion hold with me. O ! check
All pining gloom, all sceptic doubt,
That would religion's hope obscure.

A weary one,—though life's fair morn
Just dawns, in rosy mantle clad,
Behold ! she fills the dewy air
With fragrance sweet for all but me.

Come faith unwav'ring ! me sustain,
Let cheering beams of heartfelt power
Dispel these airy phantoms dread.
And thou, sweet hope ! unfold to me,
By Wisdom graved, harmonious truth ;
O ! deign with knowledge free and high,
My ardent sighing soul to fill !
Bright kindling here etherial fires,
Till through the mists of earth shall break
Thy rays O peace ! thy joys O bliss !

Though still a child, I'm doomed to grieve
E'en now, as droops the withered rose,
Where gnaws concealed the deathful worm.
Alas ! 'tis more than fancied ills,

That robs of sparkling glance, my eye,
My youthful cheek of roseate bloom.

Religion, hail! thy power shall charm,
Shall bid my saddened spirit soar
Far, far beyond life's shadowed vale;
And there where suns ne'er sink, or cloud,
In streams immortal bathe my soul.

Fountain of light! cloud-melting beam!
Soon may thy glorious streams wide pour
Their freshness o'er the *arid waste*,
And joyous earth her smiles renew,
While Spring eternal robes the year.
See smiling Wisdom hastes to twine,
With amaranthine wreaths, her brow.
Come now undying verdure, breathe
To ice-bound zones of frigid North.
O! bid unlettered Winter flee.

Your fragrance spicy fields prepare!
Thou Zion, as in days of old,
Array thyself! for lo! thy King,
On Judea's hills triumphant reigns.

THE APPEAL.

THIS was written in answer to one who had grown misanthropic, and who frequently reproved me for my devotion to literature. As my father's only brother, he watched over his children with a jealous eye; proud, disdainful and impatient, yet possessed of many noble qualities, he looked around in vain for one worthy, in his opinion, to be called his heir. Without children himself, he appeared never to forgive heaven for this. A man of wealth, wit and much general information, but morbidly sensitive and averse to mingle in the world as *one* of the *marty*.

It may be he was too aristocratic to obtain that ascendancy in his native State, which his wealth and talents should have commanded. In youth he prepared himself for the practice of law, but abandoning it early in life, lived and died nothing but a *Virginia farmer*. For myself I never forgave one, who could see my extreme devotion for literature and yet not encourage this natural and all absorbing gift. No! when under his eye, as his own child, domestic pursuits was all he required, and stolen moments from the duties of his large establishment was all I could bestow upon what had become *idols*.

The lines portray him as he was, and not as he should have been.

Thou! bid'st me hush my youthful strain,
Thou! bid'st me breath no more my pain,
Go! stop while soaring on through light,
The less'ning eagle's upward flight.
Go! bid the avalanche to cease,
Its muttering thunders hush to peace;
As soon could'st thou their might control,
As check the currents of my soul.
And why should'st thou once fond and true;
Alas! with pride and scorn pursue,
E'en one thou would'st forbid who felt,
Ah! deep as fervid suns could melt,—
To pour in varied trembling song,
The grief, the woe, thou would'st prolong.

In Hecla's wild and furious breast,
Where raging flames can never rest!
Behold impetuous image true,
E'en there reflected to thy view,
For heaving plain and freezing crust,
Proclaim the climes eternal rust;
In cold and cheerless bands oppress,
The sun scarce smiles, a welcome guest,—
As Hecla too thy passions gush,
And wild tumultuous feelings rush,
O'er all who would themselves command,
O'er all who 'gainst thy will would stand.

If age, upon thy brows appear,
As frost thy heart remains severe;—
Where passions dire still rankle deep,
Through weal or woe, they'll never sleep,—
Whilst thou in age of hope bereft,
Shall soon of earthly friends be left.
Ah! me when youthful verdure shed
Its crowning honors o'er thy head,
Enthusia's flame thy bosom felt,
Then fancied wrongs thy soul could melt;—
But now thy avaricious heart
Would deeply pierce its venom'd dart.

Forgetful of thy early life,
Forgetful of its gloomy strife!
For me, ah! sympathizing rays,
Once from their eyes could kindly blaze.
Alas! sad change the world or time hath wrought,
Ambitious schemes and moody thought,
Penurious cares or sordid fears,
Chilled thy heart to what now appears,
Checked thy warm soul's congenial flow,
And clouded o'er that ample brow
Till now it scowls with murky gloom,
And scares away e'en beauty's bloom.

What nature framed? would'st thou essay,
Distrusting sceptic of a day!

E'en change my throbbing heart's full tone,
'Till apathetic lifeless grown !
Whose dawning mind but vainly strove,
'Gainst fate, despite of hate or love
'Twas then I wept and prayed in vain,
My thirsting soul thou did'st disdain,
Nor aided then the orphaned child !
But on her efforts coldly smiled.

Thou could'st have filled with wisdom's light;—
Thou could'st have steered my youth aright,
E'en towards yon glittering summit high,
My faltering step, my earnest eye!—
Far, far beyond most ardent gaze
Shone the proud temple's dazling rays !

The stealthy foes, unceasing art,
Estranged thee from thy kindred's heart,
Taught thee to break thy solemn vows
And heaven's indignation rouse.
But O ! thy cold embittered heart,
Now wreaths with agonizing smart,
Unpitying age by friends forgot !
I dare not say this wretched lot
Is but to reap where thou hast sown,
And yet the bitter fruit bemoan.

WESTERN LOUISIANA.

IN 1843, this remarkable portion of the Union, appeared to me one of the most highly favored by nature in many respects.

As yet, I was a stranger, perfectly unacquainted with its peculiar climate and consequent unhealthfulness.

How enchanting was its serene atmosphere,—how beautiful the deep blue of its evening skies,—lit up by stars whose rays seemed to me to flash brighter here, than they did in my own native land. And of a truth we are told by astronomers, that these lamps of night are more numerous and appear nearer in Southern latitudes than in the Northern. This is the only pleasant hour for visiting and social enjoyments, as the extreme heat of noon renders one distressingly languid throughout the greater part of the day. The refreshing dews of twilight are more abundant after intense heat. Then too the wild profusion of flowers, that adorn the landscape on every hand, exhale their delicious fragrance and fill the soft voluptuous air with an almost spiritual delight. Then too come forth those who have reclined within their chambers or shaded verandas, whilst as heated furnace glowed the mid-day air. Within the moonlight's full, yet softened gleam, how tenderly

beautiful fond woman's smile! For here dwell many female forms, lovely even as the far famed Circassian, whose faces are remarkable for a bewitching gentleness, a heavenly *repose* of expression.

"A music breathing from the face."

Beauty in the human figure can never be perfected, unless nature and art lend their aid. The climate here may have a serene tendency; at all events it imparts a quiet dreaminess, which partakes much of indolence. Woe to the high spirited restless stranger who abides here for gain, as the industrious habits of the cooler regions are incompatible with health; no, he must keep down the full beating of too ardent pulses, and learn to be as indolent as the native Creole, e'er borne with safety the breath of this insidious air.

'Then haste ye lean dyspeptic complainants! partake of the fulness and quiet of this pleasure loving people, who from whatever clime they come, have to assimilate in some degree with the truly amiable and mild influences around.

The scenes in the vicinity of Oppelousas are foreign to one from the interior of the broken and varied scenery of Virginia; in vain shall we look here for cloud-capt mountains or wooded valleys, from whence issues the clear and pure streams. Around are spread the boundless praries, with their dim far off horizon touching the green landscape, even as the ocean's wave. If monotonous, yet

there is sublimity in these wide spread savannas, and within these lone plains are felt an unknown power, save by the sailor on the free high seas, whose paths are as swiftly erased as the tracks of human steps on the verdant *prarie*. Here as the sun sinks, suddenly dipping the broad and ruddy disc beneath the dark green wave-like foliage of the distant verge, the lone traveler feels awed at the desolate waste; but if around him cling for protection, the wife and wondering babes. Ah! how shall he steer without compass or guide, save by the stars of heaven. Thus were we bewildered on those pathless wilds, when night, with its dim terror inspiring shadows, was spreading around its curtains. There fringed with the low o'erhanging vines and shrubbery, crept by the muddy *bayou* and dangerous *mari*, all to the eye of the affrighted traveler was one mingled scene of wavering grass and hidden swamp. And here alone in the carriage sat the mother, supporting the trembling children, suppressing her emotions of terror, to encourage their timid and alarmed spirits. Distinctly came to the listening ear, the howl of the fierce wolf and heavy tramp of the wild herds, whilst the father sought a distant glimmering light, to learn how far we were from the desired point. This dilemma was unlooked for and therefore had to be borne motionless. I held within my firm grasp the reins, whilst the spirited horses seemed impatient as myself; but here comes the cheering voice of husband, accompanied by a guide, and once more we plunge into the unknown and pathless wilds.

In the winter and spring, clear and beautiful as a fairy scene, sparkle the lakes, or rather basins of pure water, hollowed out by the motion of the waves. Here stalks the pure white crane in full view, gentle as the domestic goose with its bright orange colored legs. But the varied and noisy tribes of paroquets are more remarkable, as they fly in immense flocks, and with their loud chattering are heard at a great distance.

“And here, as the gardens of Gul in her bloom,
Are the splendors of hue and varied perfume,”
Where, in verdant tints of the glossy green,
Mid sister flowers the magnolia is seen.

The beautiful and valuable variety of oranges are more numerous on the Bayou de Glace; the sweet are delicate and require considerable attention until they attain a large size; it is preferable to have them in a Northern exposure, as they become more hardy.

The live oak is an object of curiosity when first seen; reminding one of the trees which only appear in a tropical landscape. Its foliage seems lighter and cooler than the glossy leaves of the magnolia.

This region can scarcely be said to be *American*, in the character of its varied inhabitants, made up principally of French and Spanish, and high literary attainments are seldom to be met with, except in the cities. Doctor T—— C——, a finished scholar and most polished gentleman, remarked, that he considered the climate of that region,

Alas! when thy wild waters burst
 'Their frail and trembling verge,
Then doth each deep-worn, sluggish fill,
 O'erflow with angry surge.

As through the wide-spread prairies green,
 Thy sanguine course we trace,
Where glided once the limpid gleam,
 Now foaming waters chase.

When late with bold, impetuous force,
 Thou swept the stranger's home,
How sadly sighed my aching heart,
 Assured of woful doom.

Near *Coutoubeu's* lofty banks,
 Then too by thee o'erflown,
My unavailing tears were shed,
 And deep embittered moan.

What if most beauteous plains adorn,
 Thy sometimes placid face,
For me thou never more canst smile—
 I only sorrows trace.

Behold! where yonder prince-like one,
 Hath stately palace placed,
Upon the dark and crumbling mould,
 Where *late* swift billows chased,

O! vain the fair, the lofty walls,
Where wealth and science charm,
If still be feared terrific storm,
As in the late alarm.

Hark! heard ye sadly wailing moan,
That from the helpless rise,
As loudly wild the waters roar,
And drown their wretched cries!

Alas! the hunter strong and bold,
Sighs o'er his favorite lost,*
And joins the household grief for *him*
'Neath raging tempest tost.

I have some friends still dwelling there;
And if we meet no more,
I'll breathe for them the heart-warm prayer,
Till gained immortal shore.

Farewell! If to thy dreaded clime
Again my bark be borne,
Heaven aid to bless the sacred *spot*
Where sleep my children lone.

*James, Mr. Allcott's favorite and most valuable servant; whilst rescuing some cattle from the entangled undergrowth, his horse taking fright, precipitated him never more to rise.

AN ACROSTIC

ON FRANCIS FENELON—AGED TWO YEARS.

BY HIS MOTHER.

F air and bright as yet thy name,
R ivalling *one* of greatest fame ;
A h ! if fond mother's prayer avail,
N e'er should misfortune thee assail.
C onveyed safe while here below,
I n peaceful waves thy life should flow,
S aved by that faith God can bestow.

F air, soft and rosy yet thy cheek,
E 'en now no sin it doth bespeak ;—
N or yet to others vain, though bright,
E 'er turn, but keep *Him* as thy light,
L earned, beloved and reverent sage !
O n Gallia's brightly pictured page,
N ow as then, guide of every age !

A F R A G M E N T .

The following lines were written under severe affliction, in Jackson, Miss., during the summer of 1842.

I KNOW, I know, my heart is breaking fast ;
I feel I cannot longer bide the blast.
No more o'ershadowing dark my forehead high
And temples deep, the rich brown ringlets lie.

Ah ! storms of woe their snowy flakes hath shed
Upon this vain,—this wildly fever'd head.
Alas ! how early seen the furrowed trace
Of flowing tears, upon my pallid face !
And now though still my eyes be sparkling seen,
Ah ! I unloved an orphan'd child hath been.

Methought, as gazing on the stars last night,
How soon I'd seek their wondrous worlds of light,
Though by my side there sat with streaming eyes,
My fair young child, upon whose brow yet lies
The stamp of innocence, wondering at grief
So deep, intense—for yet her days are brief.

TO LUCY ADELAIDE,

OF WARREN COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

Adelaide ! I would win thy sweetest smile,
Yet not thy sense with flattering arts beguile ;
What if 'throned upon that brow beauty's power,
In pomp and pride revels its fleeting hour ; —
Still art thou swiftly gliding down the stream,
And time for thee stays not his less'ning beam.
Then list with smiling air whilst I rehearse
Without the poet's skill, the simple verse :

The Christian's faith I would for thee invoke,
That peace proclaimed and first on earth awoke,
At Jesus, the incarnate God's advent ;
E'en love divine for man's deliverance sent, —
For woman too, his precepts pure were given,
For thee he left the starry host of heaven.
To woman lost, yea, bowed 'neath servile yoke,
The Savior then, in gentlest accents spoke.
Lo ! at his call she, too, would seek the skies, —
Would gain a home where pain and sorrow flies.

Then come, endearing one, O! give thy aid,
Salvation's high and glorious cause befriend;
To heaven turn thy brightly beaming eye,—
On earth behold all pleasures bloom to die.
Methinks I hear thee say, Alas! how true!
While glist'ning tear-drops gem thine eyes dark hue,
"I oft have sighed the Christian's God to prove,
Yea, often prayed the narrow way to love,
And own I feel, deep-lodged within my heart,
Remorseful sin's most agonizing smart;
The world's alluring charms I've tried in vain—
For me true joys they never can obtain."

For intellectual light thou fain wouldst sigh,
Yea, dream of earthly immortality.
Proud one! soothe not thy soul with hopes so vain,
Go seek the Savior, still for sinners slain;
'Tis thy Creator can alone suffice,—
To fill the aching heart all else denies,
If deep thy thirst, the living waters taste,
By Jesus given, e'er ebbing life shall haste,
And thou, alas! its precious measure waste.

FRANKFORT.

IN 1839, Frankfort, the capital of Kentucky, after a brief sojourn in Lexington, appeared to me in a most favorable light.

The environs of the latter city are remarkable for their extreme fertility, consequently no lofty and naked rocks present their sublime or terrific outlines; but Frankfort charmed me on the first view.

And as the crowded yet elegant stage wound its circuitous route over the hanging yet finely graded way, beneath where in all its varied beauty lay the picturesque city, I felt, as here, I could dwell forever.

No magnificent structures caught the eye, all was beautifully diversified with romantic cottages and graceful villas. A fitting capital for one of the loveliest of vallies; and where the unyielding savage battled fierce and strong, for highly prized and dear to him this *land* above all others, still bearing in its harsh and warlike name, the bloody history of the past.

Peculiarly refreshing to one just from the swamps of the South, are these verdant knobs overlooking the narrow valley, partaking more of the character of Indian mounds than of the abrupt and stern features of Alleghanian mountains.

The Kentucky fiver here reminded me of the great Kanawha, so completely were its waters obstructed with immense ledges of lime-stone rocks.

The talented engineer appointed by the legislature to superintend the laborious work of opening this stream for navigation, was engaged in this at the time when I visited them, and beheld with astonishment the truly arduous undertaking.

The bed of the river, bare of its waters had to be blown up or excavated to give an even or uniform flow. At great expense this was accomplished, as the most remarkable feature of the geology of this country is the solid lime-stone *base*, upon which flourishes her richly clothed fields of hemp and luxuriant grain.

In August the drought whenever it prevails is a severe calamity to this region; as it appeared to my imagination that even the porous foundations of rock became heated from the overcharged atmosphere, and thinness of the layer of vegetable mould, which in general, I was informed by the agriculturists, is only a few feet in depth.

Yet here are noble forests whose mighty growth penetrate through the shelving strata of stone; how they obtained nourishment for the towering trunk and branching limbs, was a mystery to me.

This region has one great evil to combat with, and one scarcely to be surmounted by all the ingenuity of man. All things are here that wealth or taste could demand but pure unadulterated *water*. O! if they had but one-fourth of that

interminable, everlasting fluid, which constitutes the greater part of Louisiana, then might it boast in truth of being the garden spot of the Union. Still in a measure they could lessen this evil by numerous and well constructed cisterns, to contain the purer and more healthful streams rained down by the clouds of heaven; all strangers suffer here extremely from the corroding influence of the lime-stone water.

Near the city of Frankfort are remarkably large and cool springs issuing from beneath the mountain knobs, with which the city is well supplied by pipes. The society is exceedingly agreeable, made up of the well informed and enterprising from every part of the State. I know no portion of the West where the stranger meets with a more cordial reception, or feels himself more at home, than amidst these generous and noble spirited people. Incidents innumerable could be detailed characteristic of the finest traits, but few who have mingled with the Kentuckians at their own homes or abroad, are not proud of them as genuine descendants of the olden stock. Brave in the field or camp, as courteous at home.

The fashionable watering place near this city, was an agreeable resort, where few invalids were seen, but all cheerfully contributing to render it the pleasant excursion from the dust of the town to the purer enjoyments of country air, and freedom from the restraints of more formal manners. How charming were those social evenings and pleasant walks. And thou! fair and gentle being,

well do I remember thy sweet angelic countenance. Pleasant were our rambles over the picturesque hills and deep glens, were gushed the cool refreshing streams, and where the many wild bird's song enlivened the scene; there often in the quiet moonlit hour have we lingered; thou! of the Emerald isle and I, afar from my own native home.

How delightful thy narrations of the past, filled with touching incidents, so characteristic of thy excitable race. Natives of an appendage to the British crown! the sympathies of the world are yours. Ah! if we, as a nation, reciprocate not in cordial emotions towards the unfortunate Irish, surely we are destitute of natural affection. Alas! but for the broad waves of the ocean we should have been still enthralled.

TO MARIA.

MARIA! charming maid,
Be not of death afraid;
Thy doctor kind and dear,
Shall long preserve thee here.

AN ACROSTIC.

ON WILLIAM HAYWARD FOOTE—AGED THREE YEARS.

BY HIS MOTHER.

W HAT shall I ask for thee my favorite son ?
I 'll ask for honors great, yet fairly won ;—
L ong may such blooming wreaths adorn thy brow,
L ong may that artless smile remain as now,
I n sweet confiding love's expressive beam ;
A nd caustic wit, or pride's deceptive gleam,
M ove not thy well taught soul from higher theme.

H e—the loved—alas ! for whom I named thee,
A lthough I'm oppressed, yet turns from me ;—
Y e fates ! O ! shield *him* from such woe, such pain,
W hile Time for *him* shall bring its honored train ;
A re then my hopes, my ardent fancies vain ?
R ise shades prophetic ! tell a mother true,
D oes glory's bright'ning beam await for you.

F rom thy black sparkling eyes so bright and keen,
O ! let the rays of wit, of sense, be seen ;
O 'er that expansive brow, in faultless pride,
T he pomp, the power of truth, of love preside,
E 'er death demands thy lov'd, thy early guide.

LEXINGTON;

OR, SCENES IN KENTUCKY.

LEXINGTON seems at the first view of its elegant and well arranged dwellings, to have sprung up, as the spontaneous production of one of the most fertile districts in the world.

The proud and happy city sits at her ease, o'erfilled with every comfort, amidst the continuous and slightly undulating plains of waving grain, or grassy woodlands. The rich receptacle for the abundant gifts with which plenty hath endowed her environs. Beautiful beyond description to the lovers of quiet natural scenery are the *Woodlands* in this part of the State; clothed with the deepest carpet of dark green, while above spreads the towering branches of the noblest growth. Beneath, as if to complete the rural picture, are their boasted flocks; how perfect and full the noble animals, seeming to partake of the luxuriant happiness around; here the playful lambs are bounding from shadow to sunshine. Pastoral scenes! full of harmonious pleasure, wanting but the shepherdess and her crook to finish off the landscape; undulating plains, shaded by the lofty poplar and fragrant walnut, and refreshed with basins of limpid water, e'er they *evaporated*

by the arid heats of summer. Though similar in some respects, yet they differ as much from the boundless prairies of the West as the broad river varies from the ocean.

Geologists consider this limestone valley, which comprises the whole of Kentucky, to be very much similar to that of the ancient and renowned Palestine; if so, liable to suffer excessively from the scarcity of rain. May providence preserve this now, almost as productive region as ever was that remarkable land of old; and may it never meet with such terrible reverses as fell upon the homeless followers of Moses.

In this vicinity, a few miles from the city, is the residence of that deservedly celebrated man Henry Clay. A noble plant flourishing in a congenial soil, but transplanted from a *land* that boasteth itself over all others, as being the *origin* of fortunate heroes, or men of genius. Yet Kentucky nourished this *mighty growth*, an emblem of her superior energy and invincible powers.

Thus it is the most to be exalted as encouraging the efforts of nature, which if left to its own unaided exertions, might never be so successful. But if this overmastering genius had been born an humble vassal or Russian serf, he would have overcome all obstacles impeding his upward progress. Eloquence or the power of expressing the fulness of one's thoughts,—of awakening the deep sources of sympathy in all others, even when incapable of knowing from whence arise these instinctive emotions, is one of the attributes nearest allied to heaven, of all that man may possess when devoid of its piety.

Near Lexington, on one of its garden like farms in the midst of beloved connexions, I passed many happy hours; they were too, descendants of the Old Dominion, engrafted on a branch whose trunk was Virginian. There, all seemed more energetic and progressive, than the worn out declining East, or the deserted portions of my own State.

How delightful to ramble over these gentle declivities where my eye was not bounded by interminable and gloomy swamps, and where the productions reminded me of my own home.

Softly fell the footsteps on the yielding and fragrant carpet of verdure—where shade and sunshine alternated, varying the romantic yet quiet scenery.

Here often a spirit of childish glee would come over my fancies, and the feeling as if I could again, as in days gone by, romp over these tiny hills, with the snowy lambs around, or as innocent children. The cordial and hospitable are yet uncorrupted by the refinements and arts of life, which time perhaps may bring.

Venerable and beloved friend! methinks I still hear thy affectionate and cheering voice, surrounded by the troop of merry little ones; I loved thee! for thy unaffected piety and sterling qualities of heart and soul, and often in retrospective thought I am with thee in thy pleasant walks, and hear again thrilling incidents of the early settlements. Yes all around thee is changed, since as an emigrant from the banks of the Rappahannock, thou and thine sought these lonely abodes. Ah! if severe the pain of bidding

adieu to old and familiar scenes, here is recompense for toil. The land fresh and vigorous seems to invite the way-worn traveller to enjoy the fulness of its varied productions.

The intrepid females who first accompanied their husbands to these wilds were fit companions, and history seldom points to more heroic adventurers. The daughters of these fertile and beauteous plains are exceedingly animated and industrious; fresh and rosy, their sparkling eyes are indicative of intelligence; amiable and conciliating in their deportment, it is delightful to mingle in their festive scenes, or more agreeable firesides, where fair busy hands engage cheerfully, in every domestic employment.

The churches in Lexington are well built and numerous for the West, where such edifices are few and far between. They appeared to be well attended, as I visited most of them while there; the congregations presented a gay and highly dressed appearance, as the ladies generally of this city are extremely fond of rich and splendid apparel. This is natural, as they have the well filled purse to follow out their own inclinations, and the feminine creation, from the Circassian maids of the East to the hideous Hottentot, all have a passion for decorating themselves. But they of Kentucky excell also, as discreet wives and prudent mothers, in every branch of household knowledge.

L I N E S

Written a few months previous to the death of the young and lovely Mrs. S—— H——, of Virginia, who died of consumption in Louisville, Ky., on her way from the South to Virginia in 1848.

WHY fades so soon earth's fairest flowers?
Hath starry realms more blissful bowers?
Where gentle spirits brighter bloom,
Transplanted hence from mortal doom.—
Shall pain, shall grief refine us here,
Yes! mould our souls for purer sphere.
But God forbid! thus soon to part,
From tendril loves that twine thy heart.

Yet why such pain, but thus to win,
Thy stricken soul from fear and sin!—
Then let us hope, thou lovely one!
Heaven's bright smiles may yet be won.
E'en now we mourn thy pallid face,
Thy drooping form yet quiet grace,
How calmly sweet that angel smile!
But brighter once it beamed the while,
Swift glancing o'er the circling crowd,
Where all with love extatic bowed.

I see thee now ! thou flower-crown'd bride,
Whose snowy veil in softened pride,
Floats cloud-like 'round thy lovely brow,
As shades 'cross Dian's silv'ry bow ;
No costly gems from India's mine,
Glistens 'midst rich dark hair of thine ;
Too fierce would burn such borrow'd rays,
For thy expressive fawn-like gaze.
O ! then thou wert supremely bless'd ;
For health, all gifts above the rest,
Play'd on thy full and dimpled cheek,
As ripened peach its roseat streak,
Seemed then to claim a lengthened life,
Exempt from pain, from earthly strife.
Adieu ! since thou hast bade farewell !
To Southern climes where I must dwell ;
Virginia's mountain breezes pure,
Shall soon thy faded health restore ;
Yet think of one sad doomed by fate,
Who too would seek her native state,
And there perchance her health renew,
Lost here, since fortune bade adieu,
Farewell ! with smiles and tears we part,
May God with peace o'erflow thy heart.

Raymond, Miss., 1841.

THE NIGHT OF DEATH.

O! CALL not death a starless night,
Without one ray,
If heavenly beams of glory light,
The shadowy way.

When sinks the form within the tomb,
Whose hopes were high,
Eternal love doth then illume,
Doth teach to die.

And when the light of day shall fade,
From closing eyes ;
That star in fadeless lustre ray'd,
Shall gild the skies.

ONE OF THE AUTHORS EARLIEST PIECES.

Written at Hazlewood, Virginia, on being presented with a fine bunch of lilac, in October, 1828, by Mrs. S. M. L.

SWEET flower! whose rich clusters tell,
That wint'ry storms are passing o'er
To other spheres, I love thee well,
Thy purple hue bids fancy soar

To spring-time's sweetly budding hour;
 When earth beneath and skies above,
 Harmonious blend their magic power;—
 While lofty mount and breezy grove,
 Waft sweet the soft melodious strain.
 But now, all around thee dying,
 Droops o'er withered leaf, thou'lt remain;
 Fair one! like Hope's last bud fading,
 'Midst dreams of Summer, love and joy.
Lone one! thou 'midst of visions bright,
 Unsparring *Time* shall soon destroy,
 Ah! e'en hope's fancied shades of light.
 Rich gem of April's verdant lawn!
 Now feebly gleams thine azure eye;
 As if deceived by Summer's dawn,
 Or Southern gales that softly fly;—
 How strangely seems thy lovely bloom,
 Where all hath found oblivion's tomb.

IRENE! I here inscribe thy name
 As thou hast wished,
 Thou 'pon thy heart the same
 For me engrav'st.—
 Heav'n bless thee dearest one!
 And give what thou hast won,—
 A pure and honest heart,
 Which from thee n'er shall part.

TO MRS. S—— H——, OF RAYMOND, MISS.

JANUARY, 1842.

To thee I cannot say farewell,
Forever in my view shall dwell
Thy soothing voice, thy gentle air,
With holiest thoughts enshrined,—rest where
Blend my dreams of heavenly love.—
As angel, robed for realms above!
Just sent on earth awhile to stay,
And sweetly cheer the dreary way.

Ah! graceful form's an image faint
Of soul within,—thou spotless saint!
Bright fortune smiled upon thy youth,
And gave thy trusting soul to *truth*.
With thornless roses strewed thy way,
Till half was told, life's cloudless day.
Maternal ties then fondly twined,
That glowing heart so true and kind,—
Yea, lowly bowed thy spirit-wings,
That should'st have soared 'bove earthly things.
Ah! then. didst almost deem it wrong,
So wild thy grief, thy love so strong;

Thus soon, the cherished ones to lay
From out thy arms, beneath the clay.

With grief I view thy wasting form,
That well hath stood misfortune's storm ;—
The lov'd, the lost, at God's command,
Have left thy side for better land.
As blighted leaves, too soon they fell,
But not too brief with saints to dwell.

Virginian ! true in soul, in heart !
Well canst thou act the noble part. —
Since thou hast left thy native shore,
And bade farewell forevermore ;
A deeper woe hath gathered round,
Whilst midnight gloom thy steps surround.
A treasured heart—a priceless one !
High heaven's gates at last hath won.

Though stranger forms alone wert nigh,
And few could heed thy deep-drawn sigh,
Yet thy Creator, Father, Friend,
From yonder sphere thy woes beheld,
And, bending low, soft whispered peace,
And bade thy grief for *him* to cease,—
Seraphic hosts have borne him far,
And they but wait to guard thee there.

MY HOME.

THE world no longer can allure,
To its pleasures bid adieu,
And seek my heavenly home.

A few more days of grief and woe,
And I on earth shall weep no more,
But find the long sought home.

There God shall wipe away my tears,
And scatter far all guilty fears,
When gained eternal home.

Be stilled, my fluttering heart, and know,
Thy gracious God his love will show,
And guard thee to thy home.

On wings of love I then shall fly,
Exulting thought! to God on high,
Ne'er more to leave that home.

And there from every land shall come,
The bless'd redeemed spirits home,
And dwell with God above.

TO MY LAURA, WHEN AN INFANT.

SLEEP on, my lovely one! my first-born child!
Calmly yet thou mayst by earth unsullied,—
As angels pure are thy dreaming visions.
O'er thy beauteous face no sorrowing shade
Of care, of grief steals, dimming its lustre,
As yet unclouded, delicately fair.—
As *lilies* seen by moonlight's soften'd gleam,
Thus robed in dazzling white, may incense sweet,
And pure as theirs, thy charmed form enshrine.
O! then most kindly smile, celestial powers!
In radiant light immortal bud unfold,
By storms ne'er marr'd, or blighting dews' descent,
Till all of beauty's bloom shall drooping fade.

Fair art thou to me, as dreams of heaven!
I clasp thee near, and wonder at my bliss.—
I watch thy gentle breath, now stealing soft,
And trembling, fear the precious gift too soon
Will back be called, to yonder world of love;
Yet ruby lip I press and feel thee mine.

Where tints empurpling shine as on its leaf,
Veined as the rose, thy brightly glowing cheek,

Of deeper shade, these wand'ring streamlets blue,
Now lost midst clust'ring locks of golden hue,
Whose brightly waving tendrils cling around
Thy snowy brow of high yet faultless bound.

On midnight air how hush'd, how still'd each sound,
As nature in thy tranquil slumbers joined ;—
Day's jarring strife and busy hum of life,
No longer shall arouse and make thee start.

Ah ! mothers only know the depth, the power,
Of love unutterable ! I gaze on thee,
Thou angel child ! so pure, so beautiful !
Bright ray from yonder realm of holier light.
Now more of care, yet innocent and full,
The love within my home, since thy blue eyes'
Liquid beam tremblingly glanced—then shrinking,
Closed its fringed veil, as if of earth afraid ;
Yea, wept to dwell amidst such fallen race.
Poor child of earth ! methinks if thou couldst know,
Thy feet should tread such thorny paths below,
Thou wouldst with sighs now plead for other spheres,
And loudly wail the strange, sad fate of life.
For thee my prayers, my tears, as summer shower,
Now gathering, fall with wild electric power.

Hope, Love, Fear,—all conq'ring, ye hold me chained
In thralldom strong,—yet tenderly ye bind ;
For hope now swells my ardor-breathing soul,

Outstretching far through dim futurity ;
On buoyant wing upborne, she'd scale for thee,
Of blissful, purest joy, earth's loftiest mount.

And thou whose purple wings now glide along
The soft enamored air, wake congenial
In her youthful breast, love most innocent.
But hark ! the rush of raven-winged despair,
As through the darkened air he furious drives,
His throne yon ebon cloud, with tempest fraught.
Alas ! alas ! with grief I hear thee moan,
And sigh in vain to snatch from pending doom.*

Yet rest my child, while pressed within my arms,
Here slumber safe ; a watchful mother guards ;
In after life if clouds thy way obscure,
May Wisdom's hallowed beams thy footsteps guide.
While heavenly rays, the Christian pilgrim's light,
Soft chasten down thy else unguarded soul,
Till calm with heavenly love thy breast o'erflows.
In kindred mould shall melt earth's beauteous forms.
Yet disenthralled from dross, thy spirit free,
A home shall gain where God thy Father reigns.

Clazomene, Fauquier county, Va., 1835.

*Twelve years after this was written, in the wilds of the West, did this almost literally occur, in the distressing circumstances of her death.

ON THE CHESAPEAKE BAY.

AS SEEN FROM THE LOW SHORES OF NORTHUMBERLAND, VIRGINIA

I love to gaze upon the expansive bay!
And watch the lingering, rosy light of day,
Now o'er the deep blue waters slowly fade,—
But yonder sail, in glittering pride arrayed,
Still long retains the glow of parting day,—
Where sky and billows blend,—they float away
As some huge snowy bird, of life possess'd,
They fearless skim o'er ocean's heaving breast.

On thy low shores, as inland sea wide spread;
Flock feathered tribes, by wondrous instinct led,
Innumerable as the stars of yonder sky,
They sweep the wave and on its surface lie,
As rolling chariots sound their winged flight,
When swift from stunned ear, and aching sight,
They speed through air and mock the random shot.
Behold around the wide and level spot,
Where fresh the sea reviving breezes blow,
And branching wide, the tufted cedars bow
Before the storm that loudly wakes the deep,

And surging waves that dash around the steep.
Hark ! the full deep toned base, as thunders loud,
From rolling seas and lofty pines, wild sound,—
As if in chorus fierces, earth and heaven joined,
Whilst solemn echoes shake the trembling ground,
Alone, in wintry storms I sought thy shore !
And often heard the wild, tempestuous roar.
But calm and sweet, as depth of heaven's own blue,
Oft at even's hour appeared thine azure hue.

TO BALTIMORE.

THE bird that soars on joyous wing,
Must stoop to earth when darkness reigns ;
The flowers that gem the breast of spring,
Fade when the frost comes o'er the plains ;
And thus gay fancy droops her flight,
Beneath affliction's starless night,—
And thus sweet feeling's hopes are lost,
Chilled by neglect's unkindly frost.

Morn smiles the gloomy night away,—
The bird again may seek the skies ;
And in the soft imparting ray
The sad and shrinking flow'rets rise ;

But, often, Genius, thou must pine,
On thee no fostering sun will shine,
And pride, with cold, averted eye,
Beholds thy sweetest blossoms die.

MRS. HALE.

Baltimore is proudly known abroad as the Monumental City, or, in other words, as a community who highly appreciate such lasting memorials of gratitude. For those who have distinguished themselves in the field or cabinet, arise the lofty monument, to urge the dull and speed the young champion already enlisted in the honorable career.

Of such materials were composed the ancient cities, who presided over the commercial world, yet patronized the fine arts. Athens, once lighted up by those whose immortal rays seem as imperishable as the sources from whence they emanated, was adorned by the works of the poor student. And nobly did one remark: "We paint not for the present only, but for eternity." Thus would I, with the heroism of a martyr, accomplish the self-imposed task of tracing on the wave of time impressions of the past, never to be obliterated from the records of my own heart, in time or eternity.

And dare I plead necessity for bringing forth these *memorials* so dear to me!

"No not all the wealth that sinews ever wrought,
Or California's mines of gold unbought!"

could weigh with me in the balances, where hung the truthful riches of heart or soul. Evidences of the imperishable nature of our being; evidences of a brighter inheritance, where time can never encroach or mar the eternity of our enjoyments. Yes, but what is genius without the fostering care of those who rule in the matter-of-fact world; as body to spirit are those whose minds are uninfluenced by aught but the most accurate sciences, who see their way with a clearness and foresight that remarkably contributes to success.

Still possessed with the simplicity of a recluse, I cannot untangle the mysteries of every-day life, or account for an overruling Providence, so opposite to my own inclinations; why a *patrimony* mine, and mine only, should be wrested from my firm grasp, whilst every nerve was exerted to prevent it, is certainly unknown as yet, by one unrecovered from the blow.

Thou my heavenly Father, didst withdraw my idols from my home, and then followed low, wasting grief, and consequent inability to struggle with the treacherous world.

Yes, fraud and avarice now retain what is justly mine; and I have only to tell where I have sojourned; sufficient would that be, even in England's broad domains, or any where beneath the flag of our Union, to explain the situation in which I am involved.

I am in a city proverbial for its liberality of feeling, and therefore appeal to its citizens with the hope of success. Ill health and a continued train of misfortunes com-

pel me to insert some few pieces in an unfinished state, which can be polished in another edition, if that be demanded.

To the Rev. J. N. M'Jilton, the true and affectionate friend, the polished gentleman, I cannot express the depth of gratitude I feel. His prudent advice in every difficulty seemed to smooth the way for my further progress, and I know not what I should have done without his experienced aid, in the business of publishing—altogether new to me. To Doctor J. R. W. Dunbar am I indebted for an acquaintanceship with this most excellent minister of the gospel.

Dr. J. R. W. D., is disposed to patronize liberally whatever he deems worthy the attention of his circle, and that *circle* is a large one. As a Virginian, whose nature was still uncorrupted by the sophistry of the world, I felt it most in accordance with my *wounded*, yet unbending nature, to clearly and simply make known my situation;—his response was as impressive as his nature. And here I would gratefully acknowledge, that to all who practice the healing art in this city am I indebted. But seldom has the repulsive voice, or frowning countenance, from this numerous and benevolent association, denied to sympathise with one whose earnest manner and unwearied industry was calculated to insure success. In one instance, the tones of voice and rude manner were so unlooked for by me, that suddenly I lost all command, whilst the gushing tears alarmed my pride, and showed that I was

far too sensitive for this business—the arduous task of soliciting subscribers.

But in extenuation of soliciting patronage, I would here excuse myself, under the best plea in the world, for an observer of human nature—that never before mingling with my fellow beings except in the most exclusive sense, except to be entertained by the flattering compliments of polite life, I find much that awakens my interest, and often have thus made most excellent friends and permanent acquaintances. Among many others, I would, from the tablet of my own heart, record here, Mr. Wm. R—— and his most excellent wife, whose tender care and extreme solicitude for my well being, is in accordance with their uniform character. As consistent Christians and benevolent friends, they appear to live as much for others as for themselves.

I would also, as a tribute of gratitude, record for the eyes of my children, when they shall have become old enough to understand through what perils their mother accomplished this task, the names of those who, without shrinking or hesitation, gave me aid, and obtained the patronage of others. Early last winter, the merchants of the firm of Hopkins & Hull, procured many subscribers, and kindly tendered to me every assistance in their power.

The merchandizing community of this city though much engaged, still find time to cultivate their tastes, and although their severe mathematical employments are calculated to check the lighter enjoyments of literature, and more refined pursuits and tastes, their sympathies are with the

higher elements, and they feel a deep interest not only in the ideal and spiritual, but also in the abstract sciences and philosophy. Through the politeness also, of the houses of J. Griffith, and Hurst & Berry, am I indebted for many subscribers. I shall also name, with sincere gratitude, the commercial house of Royston Betts, who volunteered to assist me through this labor, with that of the old established house of Tiffany, Long & Byrn, all Virginians, true in soul and heart. Also many others equally disposed to patronize this *home production*, which, in many respects, will be too old-fashioned for the present race. Yet if my muse stalks too pompously for the city, or those whose taste are modeled after the now light and playful; still let it be known, that few of any genuine sensibility could have survived, and that I am not as I have been, or should be, to please the fastidious.

The Hon. J. P. Kennedy, with the true spirit of one ever imbued with the hallowed light of genius, gave also his cordial support. But now alas! extreme delicacy of health has rendered the writer of these pages morbidly sensitive, and indeed, my medical friends absolutely forbade such an exertion.

Baltimore resembles in many respects our southern cities, and it is, I believe, made up principally of that distinctive *class* calling themselves southerners. But the careless business habits of the newly formed south-western cities, or more properly towns, God forbid that any should resemble. Yet time will teach them the necessity of punctuality.

To Baltimore, resolved to complete what I had begun, I came again, after a fruitless effort to awaken the sympathies of the down-going of many of my kindred in the Old Dominion, on a mission of high and great import to one who had vowed her vows of perpetual remembrance. Yes, bringing an offering to lay at the *shrine* of the departed, and gifts for friendship's altar. These faint memorials are vain to tell what my full heart hath garnered up of the past.

Yet thanks to an overruling Providence for the spiritual comfort and assistance which has been granted to me through the members of my own church, especially the Bishop residing here; a Virginian, and a patron of literature, whose warm heart ever extends its cordial support, and whose sympathies are in accordance with the religion of the Bible. Also the ministers of other churches to whom I have made known my situation, have invariably declared their willingness to patronize me.

TO THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

Thou, whose fair and beauteous *site*,
Foreshadows brighter beams of light,
That time for thee and thine shall bring
Upon its wide-spread, glittering wing
Of art, the treasures rich and rare,
That shall adorn thee everywhere.
Alas! that then an atom seen,
Floating where the past hath been,
Shall be this little *bud* of *green*.

A DILEMMA.

IN Baltimore I am a stranger—perhaps I should use the word *comparatively*, and say, comparatively a stranger, for I have made many friends in the monumental city. But Baltimore is not my home, and I have had but a brief residence in it. And here while engaged in publishing, I have encountered many scenes of interest—some of pleasing and some of painful character. It is by the aid of Baltimoreans that I am enabled to have my book printed. I have been highly favored by them. While the sheets are going through the press, I am frequently visited by that—not ugly in this instance, but quite pleasant imp, they call the *printer's devil*, and he is coming and calling continually for *copy*. I am accustomed to that word *copy* now, and if I could I would copy the satanic visitor that annoys me so much, and have him printed, so that I might introduce him to my readers. This *printer's devil* is like a *dun* to a moneyless debtor. He calls, and calls, and calls, and his cry forever is *copy*. That word *copy* will ring in my ears for many a long year, if it should please Providence to spare me. On one of the visits of this tormentor, I went to my drawer and found it empty. Where!

I exclaimed, is my copy? What has become of my manuscript? It was in vain that I looked for the sheets which I supposed I had written. They were not there. What in the world was I to do? The 'devil' was at my elbow bawling copy, and there was no copy to be found. I ran down stairs and up again, but it was in vain. I ran out of the house and in again, but it availed not. Copy was the everlasting cry, and what was I to do for copy? The notes I had prepared are in Virginia, and if I had them there is not time for me to write them out. Long did I study how I should get out of my unfortunate dilemma. A thousand thoughts rushed through my mind, and I was greatly troubled. But relief came at last. I was permitted by a friend to look through his port-folio, and I found many things to please me, two or three of which I have taken the liberty to use, and I have accordingly relieved myself of the importunities of my besetting imp by doing so. In a future edition I shall take care that I have manuscript enough before I begin to print. I will never again be so tormented by any little savage.

PARNASSEAN PASTIME.

"WHEN will it ever cease to rain?" exclaimed Dorothea as I entered her beautiful parlor, where she was seated by a comfortable fire; her port folio was upon the stand before her, the lid was resting upon her left hand, as she had closed it when she heard my step.

"You are not partial to rainy weather Dorothea," said I.

"O!" she replied, "it will do well enough when it comes in moderation, but to rain a whole week. O how gloomy—gloomy—this is the sixth day, and I'm so sad; thank fortune that you've come to make me forget a few hours. Sit down, do, and tell me if all the world's as desolate as I feel."

"Not all the world Dorothea, for I've a letter in my hand from a very particular friend, who lives in Washington, and this letter discourseth any thing but sadness."

"Do let me read it."

"I will read to you Dorothea, but you must promise one thing."

"One thing! a dozen if you please, but what is that one thing?"

"Not to interrupt me until I have finished."

"O! very well go on."

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 7th, 18—.*

My Everlasting Friend :

We've a vast variety in this oblong metropolis I assure you. Rain and fun one day, and fun and rain the next, and so it goes alternating ad infinitum. Would you believe that the day this interminable rain commenced, is beyond the memory of our oldest women, and only to think the Almanac prognosticates rain for a month to come. Now is it not glorious? "What glorious?" you ask. Why to be seated by a most magnificent coal fire in the very midst of what? Why a dozen of the most charming creatures in Christendom—sleeves a la mode and hair done up to—to the sky. But may be you wont believe it about the hair, unless I explain—well there are two of the most exquisite of the metropolitan belles who are inventing a new method of making shot towers, and they wear all the hair they can get hold of, stretched over a board, three inches and an half wide at the lower end and tapering upwards to an unmentionable length. It rises from the back part of the head and inclines to an angle of forty-five degrees. I have been to the levees, the balls, the parties, and all other sorts of gatherings, and go where I will I encounter these—

"Good fathers what a yarn he tells."

"You've broken your promise, Dorothea."

"Well, never mind, go on."

"Go where I will I encounter these steeple manufacturers. There was a party the other night at Mrs. H——'s,

and I conversed with one of them for an hour. What do you think? she makes poetry—aye, absolutely makes it, and what's worse, prints it. I seized upon her market basket, you know the girls all carry market baskets now, well I seized upon hers, and it was literally freighted with poetry. At first I was at a loss whether to run or rummage. I considered the matter a moment and rummage carried; so to work I went. I crammed my pockets full, but I will only inflict one piece on you now.

O! I know it is the hour—

The hour of love that's mine,
And I do feel the throb and power
Which move that heart of thine.
And those dark eyes of thine so bright,
My own must sparkle in their light.

O! it is a sacred hour,
And few are bright as this is,
I feel a sprinkle of the shower
That full and fresh with bliss is;
And how my little heart does sigh,
To think my Henry is not by?

O! I remember well the hour,
When love came like a spell;
I yielded to his magic power,
The feeling I cannot tell.
'Tis done, my heart has met its doom,
In joy it never more can bloom.

Yet O ! I hope there is an hour,
In future time that may
Dispel the dismal shades that low'r
Around my hope's bright day.
O ! what an hour of joy 'twill be
An hour of happiness to me.

"Stop one moment," said Dorothea, "and I will show you how some folks *make* poetry."

She slipped out of the room, and in a short time returned with a volume in her hand, which she opened and read as follows :

'Tis now the hour—'tis now the hour,
To bow at beauty's shrine ;
Now whilst our hearts confess the power
Of woman, wit and wine ;
And beaming eyes look on so bright,
Wit springs, wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,
In such an hour as this,
While pleasure's fount throws up a shower
Of social, sparkling bliss,
Why does my bosom heave the sigh,
That mars delight ?—*she* is not by !

There was an hour—there was an hour
When I indulged the spell,

That love wound round me with a power
 Words vainly try to tell;—
 Though love has fill'd my chequered doom
 With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom.

Yet there's an hour—yet there's an hour,
 Whose coming sunshine may
 Clear from the clouds that hang and lour
 My fortune's future day;
 That hour of hours beloved will be,
 That hour that gives thee back to me.

“Now, what do you think of that.”

“Why I think there's a striking similarity in the rhymes.”

“But what do you think of the poetry?”

“Why the last piece is poetry conceived in a thoughtful mind, the first is poetry manufactured out of foreign material.”

“That's a pretty good criticism, but whose do you suppose the latter is?”

“Well, I don't know, is it Moore's?”

“No it is Campbell's, and before you finish that letter let me, out of mere curiosity, read you some lines he inscribed to Edward Lytton Bulwer, the great novellist. It was written on the death of his child.”

My heart is with you Bulwer! and portrays
 The blessings of your first paternal days;

To clasp the pledge of purest, holiest faith,
To taste one's own and love born infant's breath,
I know, nor would for worlds forget the bliss.
I've felt that to a father's heart, that kiss,
As o'er its little lips you smile and cling,
Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.
Such are the joys, ill mock'd in ribald song,
In thought, ev'n fresh'ning life our lifetime long,
That give our souls on earth a heaven drawn bloom,
Without them, we are weeds upon a tomb.

Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with thine
Propitious stars saw truth and passion twine;
Joy be to her who in your rising name
Feels love's bow'r brighten'd by the beams of fame;
I lack'd a father's claim to her—but knew
Regard for her young years so pure and true,
That when she at the altar stood your bride,
A sire could scarce have felt more sire-like pride.

“And is that Campbell's too?”

“That is Campbell's, and how prophetic was his inspiration when he wrote,

“Joy be to her who in your rising name.”

The name of the novelist has risen and at this day he stands among the highest of his profession.”

“Poets are prophets, but what do you think of the novelist's calling?”

"A poor business truly—that is, I mean a useless business. Alas! there is much, too much time lost by reading novels."

"And some by writing them, but why do you not like them?"

"O! I like them very well, but I think they exercise an unfortunate influence upon the minds of most persons who read them, and they so seldom effect a beneficial tendency that I cannot but think them useless."

"You have my ideas in regard to novels, and I could wish Mr. Bulwer would turn his genius to some more praiseworthy employment."

"But you have not finished your letter."

"Well never mind it now. I have a piece to read you which I think you will be pleased with. It is the Recluse, written by Montgomery."

A fountain issuing into light
 Before a marble palace, threw
 To heaven its column, pure and bright,
 Returning thence in showers of dew;
 But soon a humbler course it took
 And glid away the nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
 Flies o'er its eddy surface play'd,
 Birds 'mid the alder-branches sang
 Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd;

The weary there laid down to rest,
And there the halzon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colors catch,
As if 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream
Whose unimprison'd waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links had pow'r to bind
In welcome chains, my wand'ring mind.

So thought I when I saw the face
Of happy portraiture revealed,
Of one adorn'd with every grace,
Her name and date from me conceal'd
But not her story; she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolick'd in the gayest ring
Where fashion's high born minions sport,
Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing;
But thence when love had touch'd her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
 'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains
 She treads the paths of lowly life,
 Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
 No fountain scatt'ring diamond showers,
 But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

"And that is beautiful poetry indeed; how expressive, and at the same time how instructive. Montgomery is the poet of religion; sense and seriousness combine in every one of his efforts."

"I have often thought, Dorothea, that the mind of Montgomery grasped too much for poetry, that is, there is too much thought in his pieces, for the words in which they are expressed, all their excellence does not strike the reader at once, they will bear reading a second time, and more they may be studied."

"That is a high compliment, for the poetry must be good indeed, which will admit of being studied. But do you not think that Montgomery writes like the old poets?"

"Like some of them perhaps, poets are like flowers, they owe much of their excellence to circumstances; the florist may do his utmost, he may plant and cultivate, but nature produces the flowers; without his labor however, but few comparatively, might grow and flourish. Nature makes poets, circumstances develope their genius, and in all ages the works of nature are the same. Poets of every diversity of character, have existed at different times, in-

dependent, in a good degree, of extraneous influence, and every age has had its good, its bad and its indifferent poets."

"I admit that every age has had its variety, but certainly no age has produced so many pretenders, so many inferior pretenders as ours."

"You may be in error, Dorothea, and I will convince you in a few words, that your position may be incorrect. I say *may be* incorrect for it is impossible to say that it is indeed so. Of all the writers of past times, those only who have excelled have been delivered to posterity. The standard writers, if I may call them so, of all times, have been but few when compared with anonymous scriblers. The works of the better sort only have been transmitted to us, while the weaknesses displayed in anonymous writings have been forgotten. Any former age then may have had an hundred puerile pretenders for every true poet, and while the works of the poet have come down in all their beauty for our admiration, those of the hundred pretenders have slid into the oblivion they so richly merited."

"You are right I believe, and the true poets of our times will descend to future years, while the deeds of anonymous scriblers will perish in a most anonymous manner. Bubbles are all their productions which burst in the first moments of their existence."

"And how many American poets, Dorothea, do you think will go down in the greenness of enduring fame from these sententious times of ours?"

"Why I should think we would send them down by scores."

"You are mistaken. If we send a pedler's dozen, we shall be honored in all future time."

"A pedler's dozen, and pray how many make a pedler's dozen."

"Nine."

"And not send nine poets from these days of poetic splendour down to posterity? O! how illiberal you are, we shall at least send an hundred."

"To mention names would be invidious, Dorothea, but there are hundreds who might be named, who appear to flourish now and are destined for the deeps of oblivion."

"Since you have introduced the comparative merits of the writers of different times, I remember that I have an old Magazine, which was published something less than a century ago; it was the boast of those days and doubtless contains the productions of a variety of the chosen. I will bring it."

So saying, Dorothea, disappeared; she was not long absent however, and returned with a huge octavo, containing about eighteen hundred pages.

"Here," said she, "is the embodiment of the poetic history of at least one period, let us examine it." "*The Ladies' Magazine, or Entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex*, appropriated solely to their use and amusement."

"What a set of exclusives."

"Here's a notice to correspondents. The continuation offered by A. Percy, will be willingly received if she will please to transmit it."

"J. J. P.'s letter shall have a place."

"Select passages from Shakespeare, applied to the ladies of H——n, are intended for insertion."

"Received—Mary ; A Fragment ; T. Lacey's Packets ; Lines on the 9th of January ; The Woman and the Doctor, a fable ; The generous Villagers, an eulogy ; Colin and Phebe ; The happy Ploughboy, a Song ; On Love ; On a gentleman's going away without taking leave ; The Wedded pair ; Enigmatical list by Helen."

"A fine comparison will that notice bear with those of our times, Dorothea."

"And here's the publisher's appeal to the public ; shall I read a part of it ?"

"If you please."

"To our correspondents, who have so liberally contributed, our thanks are certainly due. And here it may not be improper to hint that they are not to esteem themselves slighted, though perhaps, only a *few of the various pieces they transmit* to us, are inserted. *So numerous* are the communications we receive, *especially in the poetical department*, that we have only room to select a few."

"Compare that with the prospectus of any of the late Magazines, and you will readily discover the relative disparity between the writers whose productions are published and those whose works are laid aside."

"Now let us compare the poetry, and then we may find out the general run, and see if it is better than we can give them now. Here's a fair specimen, it is from one of the "packets" of T. Lacey."

LOVE AND WAR.

Louisa mourn'd her helpless state,
 ('Twas absence caus'd the pangs of love,)
 Unknown was gallant Henry's fate,
 Except to pow'rs that rule above.

Louisa wander'd far and near,
 To seek her much lov'd swain;
 With pensive sigh, she dropp'd a tear;
 'Twas Henry's name that gave her pain.

Louisa's joys were now no more;
 The martial trumpet sounded far;
 And thund'ring cannon's ceaseless war,
 Her lover kiss'd—and fled to war.

T. LACEY.

"And what has become of that T. Lacey, Dorothea? He has hardly come down all covered with poetic honors, though he was a conspicuous contributor, as his "packets," would indicate, to that Ladies' Magazine."

"Listen to this, what pathos."

DE CLIFFORD'S GHOST.

A BALLAD,

From "Trifles of Helicon," by Charlotte and Sophia King.

DEAR youth! to thee I'll faithful prove,
On me hell's vengeance fall,
If thee I once should cease to love—
My bed shall be my pall.

Or if in battle—death you find,
Hear me—O Clifford! swear
No marriage ties my heart shall bind,
If false—thy grave I'll share.

Thus Bertha to De Clifford said,
And then "farewell," she sigh'd,
The youthful knight then clasp'd the maid,
Who sat her down and cried.

Six moons had wasted on the skies
When fatal tidings came,
How Clifford fell no more to rise,
And how he sigh'd her name.

Fair Bertha mourn'd, and sad she grew;
But grief will soon subside;
And Sir De Ross of high degree
Requests her for his bride.

Alas ! the faithless maid consents,
 The wedding day arrived ;
 And tilts there were and tournaments,
 Where each for victory striv'd.

Amid them all a knight was seen
 Upon a sable steed,
 And proudly solemn was his mien,
 For none he seem'd to heed.

He rais'd his spear and swift engag'd
 With Sir De Ross the *brave* ;
 Ross instant fell, though sore he rag'd,
 The knight to Bertha *came*.

To her the haughty stranger knelt,
 His vizor then he rais'd,
 And wo to Bertha, how she felt ?
 How wretched and amaz'd ?

And stern he look'd ; her spirits fail,
 Her heart's blood seemed to freeze,
 For Clifford's features wan and pale
 The fainting Bertha sees.

"Rise, rise my lord she faintly said,
 Avert those ardent eyes!"
 "Think on thy parting words false maid,"
 The *angry vision cries*.

"Ah cruel girl thy time is come,
Since false to me you prove;
Death waits, and ready is the tomb,
For me you cease to love.

"Hell's vengeance fast on you must fall,
When marriage ties shall bind;
Away! thy couch must be thy pall,
With me a grave to find."

"Forbear my sad career to close,
Save me from death, and stop my flight."
Sad Bertha shriek'd, *when slow arose*
A cloud that drew them both from sight.

"Pathetic indeed! but who are those ladies, said to be the authors of "Trifles from Helicon," and where are those "Trifles from Helicon?"

"They are among the missing I expect. Let me read another piece. It is better I know by the very first line."

FARWELL TO GLENOWEN.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

FAREWELL dear Glenowen! adieu to thy mountains,
Where oft I have wandered to welcome the day;
Farewell to thy forests—thy crystaline fountains,
Which stray through the valley and moan as they stray.

O'er wide foamy waters, I'm destined to travel,
A poor simple exile, forlorn and unknown,
Yet, while the dark fates, shall my fortune unravel,
My thought—my affections, shall still be thy own.

Thy cities, proud Gallia, thy wide-spreading treasures,
Thy vallies where nature luxuriantly roves;
May bid the heart, dancing to fancy's wild measures,
Forget for a moment its own native groves.

But where is the bosom that sighs not in sorrow,
Estranged from dear objects to wander above;
Still counting the moments, from morrow to morrow,
A poor weary traveller, lost and unknown?

Sweet vallies of myrtle and paths of gay roses,
And hills deck'd with vineyards and woodlands with
shade,
Fresh banks of young violets where fancy reposes,
And courts gentle slumbers her visions to aid.

The dark silent grotto, the soft flowing fountains,
Where nature's own music sweet murmurs along;
The sunbeams that dance on the pine cover'd mountains,
May waken to rapture their own native throng.

But thou dear Glenowen, canst bring sweeter pleasure,
All barren and bleak as thy summits appear;
And though thou canst boast of no rich gaudy treasure,
Still memory traces thy charms with a tear.

The keen blasts may howl o'er thy vallies and mountains,
 And strip the rich verdure that mantles each tree;
 And winter may bind in cold fetters thy fountains,
 But still thou art dear, O! Glenowen, to me.

"That is very natural, and at times, very sweet poetry.
 Mrs. Robinson was a pretty fair writer."

"We've got some music here. A favorite song."
 "Do let us have it, a love song no doubt, a precious mor-
 ceau, read it Dorothea."

A FAVORITE SONG.

COMPOSED BY DOCTOR BOYER.

To dear Amarylis young Stephen had long
 Declared his fix'd passion and dy'd for in song;
 He went one May morning to meet in the grove,
 By her own dear appointment, the goddess of love,
 Meanwhile on his mind, all her charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each. Can a lover do more?

O no! O no!

Can a lover do more? O no!

He waited and waited; then changing his strain,
 'Twas fury and rage and despair and disdain;
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd downright,
 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore.
 But never to change. Can a lover do more?

O no! O no!

Can a lover do more? O no!

"Poor fellow, he seems to have been 'dy'd' in the wool, if it was not done in song."

"Sheepish enough. What have we now? A song by Shendan; original in the Magazine."

SONG BY SHENDAN.

AS SUNG BY MRS. BLAND.

I have a silent sorrow here,
 A grief I'll ne'er impart;
 It breaths no sigh—it sheds no tear,
 But it consumes my heart!
 This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
 My lot forever be;
 Lo, my soul's lord, the pangs I bear,
 Be never known to thee.

And when pale characters of death,
 Shall mark this alter'd cheek;
 When my poor wasted, trembling breath—
 My life's last hope would speak—
 I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
 Nor mercy ask for me,
 My soul despairs to be forgiv'n,
 Unpardon'd love by thee.

"That is not bad, but there is very little good poetry in that Magazine! Where was it published?"

"In London."

"Aye in London, at No. 25 Paternoster Row, and it reached almost to its fortieth volume, the smallest volume containing nearly seven hundred pages, and some of them twenty hundred. It was patronized by "ladies of high degree," and held a prominent place in literature."

"Of the poets who flourished in its pages, a very insignificant number have lived until this day."

"Very indeed."

"And what do you suppose an intelligent correspondent of mine says in reference to our living American poets?"

"I do not know, but tell me what is it."

"Why he says, that the names of not more than six, will live an hundred years."

"O my! how he undervalues them."

"And of the six, how many do you suppose reside in Baltimore?"

"About two."

"Not one," he says, "the only poet that every lived in Baltimore, whose name will be known and admired for a century, was Pinkney, who died some years since."

"And do you endorse his opinion?"

"I have not done so yet, but I am inclined to lean that way."

"You are illiberal, I am sure there are several names of poets now living in Baltimore, which will not only be known but they will be honored a century hence."

"There may be, Dorothea, I will not now dispute it,

but my friend says, if such be, the works that must immortalize them are yet unwritten."

"Well Baltimore has furnished one name for immortality any how."

"Yes, the name of Pinkney, and here's a piece of his poetry."

L I N E S .

By woods and groves, the oracles
Of the old age were nursed ;
To Brutus came in solitude
The spectral warning first,
When murder'd Cæsar's mighty shade
The sanguine homicide dismayed,
And fantasy rehearsed
The ides of March, and not in vain,
Showed forth Philippi's penal plan.

In loneliness I heard my hopes
Pronounce, "Let us depart."
And saw my mind—a Marius—
Desponding o'er my heart :
The evil genius long conceal'd,
To thought's keen eye itself reveal'd,
Unfolding like a chart,—
But rolled away and left me free,
As stoics once aspired to be.

It brought, the spirit of my breast
And Naiad of my tears,
Which have been willing coldly there,
Although unmask'd for years ;
It brought, in kindness or in hate,
The final menaces of fate,
But prompted no base fears ;—
Ah ! could I with ill feelings see,
Aught love, so near allied to thee ?

The drowsy harbingers of death,
That slumber's dull and deep,
Is welcome, and I would not wake
Till thou dost join my sleep,
Life's conscious calm,—the flapping sail,—
The stagnant sea, nor tide, nor gale,
In pleasing motion keep ;—
Oppress me and I wish release
From this, to more substantial peace.

Star of the sea—the Cynosure
Of magnet passions long
A ceaseless apparition, and
A very ocular song !
My skies have changed their hemisphere,
And forfeited thy radiant cheer !
Thy shadow still is strong ;
And beaming darkness follows me
Far duskier than obscurity.

Star of the sea—its currents bear
 My vessel to the bourne,
 Whence neither busy voyager,
 Nor pilgrim may return;
 Such consummation I can brook,
 Yet, with a fix'd and lingering look,
 Must anxiously discern
 The far horizon where the rays
 Surceased to light my midnight days.

Unwise, or most unfortunate
 My way was; let the sign,
 The proof of it be simply this,
 Thou art not—wert not mine!
 For 'tis the wont of chance to bless
 Pursuit, if patient, with success:
 And envy may repine
 That commonly some triumph must
 Be won by every lasting lust.

How I have lived imports not now,
 I am about to die,
 Else I might chide thee that my life
 Has been a stifled sigh;
 Yes life; for times beyond the line
 Our parting traced, appeared not mine,
 Or of a world gone by;
 And often, almost would evince
 My soul had transmigrated since.

Pass wasted pow'rs;—alike the grave
To which I fast go down,
Will give the joy of nothingness,
To me and to renown;
Unto its careless tenants, fame
Is idle as the gilded name
Of vanity,—the crown
Helvetian hands inscribe upon
The forehead of a skeleton.

List the last cadence of a lay,
That closing as begun,
Is governed by a note of pain,
Oh ! lost and worshipped one !
None shall attend a sadder strain,
Till Memnon's statue stand again,
To moan the setting sun,—
Nor sweeter, if my numbers seem
To share the nature of their theme.

“Alas for Pinkney, he fell in the midst of his youth a brilliant star into the sea of death, but that sea did not quench his fires, they remain unquenched—unquenchable. It is late Dorothea, we have been busy this rainy night ; if it rains to-morrow I will come again. Good bye.”

THE WATER SPOUT.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

I have been out upon the wide ocean, and I have been the witness of its calm and of its storm, and what it is that makes the mariner's calling so fascinating, I cannot tell. Often have I heard the sea-worn tar exclaim—

“The sea—the sea—the bounding sea,
Its billow is the throne for me.”

And I have thought it would be my extacy of bliss, to ride upon the buoyant waters, where I could gaze upon the waves and sky, with no lazy looking land to mar the beauty of the scene. In one short voyage, I saw all I wish to see of the ocean, and I pray my lucky planet, if such I have, that I may never be more than comfortable swimming distance from *terra* again. One circumstance took place while I was a *sailor*, that I have often thought of with interest, never without excitement, and now that it is gone by, and the danger past forever, I will tell it to my friends.

The sky was without a cloud, and not a breath of wind was passing over the deep blue sea,—the image of the

bright sun was shadowed deep below the shining surface, and his beams were spread in brilliancy upon the mirror he seemed to gaze at. The old clump-built "Numa," a ship of about five hundred tons, swam like a huge leviathan upon the bosom of the quiet waters,—not a sound disturbed the deathlike solitude, save an occasional ripple that played against the old ship's side, and any one who has heard the slight splashing of the waters against a wharf or vessel, when no other sound is near, knows that such an interruption renders solitude more solemn still. All on board were asleep, but the mate and myself;—we were sitting at the ship's stern, where we sat day after day, he rehearsing, and I listening to, the scenes through which he had passed, in the course of his adventurous life. I shall never forget the mate of the Numa; his name was Hunter, and a braver and more free-hearted fellow never crossed the sea. He was the very build for a sailor, short, thick-set, and as his companions used to say, "a clump, like the ship he sailed in." He had an eye that I have never seen a match for—it seemed to read his very thought, and a scoundrel was sure to wither before its gaze. His feelings always seemed to be calm and collected in the midst of danger; and in the tempest, while others were running to and fro, scarcely knowing which rope to seize or where to give their attention, Hunter has stood unalarmed, and performed more real service than fifty frightened wretches. In a storm he was a perfect stoic, and seemed as though he valued his life as but a trifle. I

have heard him say, however, that "he loved his life as much as any man, but he never could ascertain the necessity of a *fuss* when the storm drove their vessel "dead eyes" under water, and all on board were within six inches of death." He prided himself in nothing but his knowledge of the sea—and well he might boast of that, for he seemed to be acquainted with its darkest chamber. I asked him once if he thought he had any thing of a sailor's life yet to learn? "Nothing," said he, his eyes flashing fire; "nothing, but how to put on my blue winding sheet. I know the sea as well," said he, "as if I had been born upon her level bosom, cradled upon her rolling surges, and reared to manhood amid her crystal depths." He spoke with so much confidence, that I readily believed every word he said. Scarcely a breath of wind blew across the deep, but had something in it he had seen before, nor a cloud that tapestried the arch of heaven, but had a *fac simile* in his brain. Hunter was stern and commanding in his manners, without that morose *hauteur* which is the most prominent characteristic of men who are in authority upon the sea. I have said more of Hunter than I should, perhaps, if I ever expected to see him again upon earth, and I feel at this moment as I did when I took his hand in our last farewell. We had been reading the Bible together, and conversing upon its exalted language and the holiness that breathed from every page; we were both in tears, and his hard hand grasped mine with a fervor that none but the sailor—the religious

sailor feels. "Hunter," said I, "we may never meet again." "Yes we may," he replied, "when the great white throne, like a spirit battlement, is hung on chaos, and the heavens and the earth have passed away,—we'll meet again."

Deeply enshrined in my heart's affections is the companion of my short sea voyage, and thoughts of him will only fade when recollection is dimmed in death;—the hours I passed by his side are sanctified by an abiding friendship; and if contrary to my hope, my destiny be again upon the ocean,—whether gliding swiftly over the white capped waves, or moored to stillness on the silent sea, his image shall come up in the vividness of reality, and in my heart I shall speak to him again.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon; we were something like fourteen miles from the "Hole in the Wall," off the Florida coast, Hunter was relating a scene that he witnessed near this rocky and dangerous neighborhood, when the high rocks caught his attention, and clapping me on the shoulder, he said, "Do you see that opening where sky and sea are to be seen beyond?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, that is what we sailors call the "Hole in the Wall," and I could tell you of many a poor fellow who found his way to Davy Jones' locker about there. I recollect," he continued, a circumstance that occurred near that place about ten years ago;—it was in July"—here he stopped for a moment, and starting from his seat as if in surprise, he asked, "What day of the month is this?"

"The twenty-fifth," I replied. "The twenty-fifth of July," said he, "Well, this very day ten years was just such a day as this. In the afternoon, about this hour, I was pretty much in the situation I am to day: the Captain had given the vessel to my charge, and was below sleeping. Our crew were either asleep or at their sports in different parts of the ship;—a noble set of fellows they were. I never expect to see a crew of as brave chaps again; there was not a man among them that would have turned his back to a storm,—and poor Jack Stemmer, he used to say that the only luxury life had for him was a tempest; and I have seen him at the top of the mast, in a gale, when the ship was running nineteen knots, and he has seemed as contented there, as a child in its mother's arms. Poor fellow! I saw him washed overboard in a blow, and he was lost. But as I was going to tell you, there was something suspicious in the appearance of the sun that day, though he shone as bright as he does now; and if you will observe, there is something of a dusky look in the atmosphere, which gives the sky and every thing around a heavy red cast—it was just so that day; and near sunset, when the long stripes were spread like huge arms upon the sky, a little bit of a cloud, that didn't look a whit bigger than your hat crown, hung right before him; but you know the sun looks larger when he is going down than at any other time, and instead of hiding his face, it only darkened his light and fringed the shadows, precisely as an eclipse would. Our men were whistling

and singing carelessly, and said I to Jack Stemmer, "Jack, do you see that?" "Yes," said he, "and what of it?" and to his frolic he went, as careless as could be. "What of it?" I repeated, "why all I have to say is, that there will be another sort of a whistle here before morning;" and so it turned out, for the little cloud, like the one we read of in the Bible, which at first was no bigger than a man's hand, grew bigger and bigger, and appeared to travel immediately toward the ship. I went below and awoke the Captain, and he, with his rough voice, called all hands on deck; the order was instantly obeyed, and every man was at his post. "Clear away that cable," roared the Captain, "and man the sails." "By jingo," said Jack Stemmer, as he passed me, "Hunter, you must be wizzard, for I swear I did not see a speck on the sky when I went below." Every order the Captain gave was executed speedily, and the ship was soon ready for the storm. Our iron-hearted crew, accustomed to the changes of the ocean, waited in silence, like an army in battle array, for the attack. They were not long in suspense; and the death-like solemnity that pervaded our ship-board, was soon exchanged for the roaring of an angry tempest, and the deafening rush of the seas, as they rolled over our bulwarks. If there is any thing frightful in the wide world, and calculated to appal the stoutest heart, it is the awful hush that sometimes gathers in the midst of the storm, as if some mighty monster had gathered up the winds, and held them in his grasp to fling in ten-fold fury

upon the foaming sea, so it was that night; a hush, as still as death, stole over the storm. I thought the spirits of the wind were in council with those of the sea, and had for a moment suspended their warfare. It was but a moment, and the whirl that followed is awful to think of; the vivid lightning streamed from one end of heaven to the other, and lighted up the deepest caverns of the sea, while the snow like foam upon the surface sparkled in the flashes, and the billows rolled their fretted crests over each other, and wreathed them into mountains of transparent flame;—heaven's loud artillery added their horrors to the scene; and ocean, atmosphere and cloud, seemed one vast laboratory of terror, and our vessel, like the last remnant of creation that the elements had leagued to destroy. Every rag of canvass was tied down fast, and yet the heavily laden ship flew through the waves like a feather on the wind. One man went overboard that night; his name was Henry Hutchins; we used to call him Hutchins Harry; he was a high-minded, but wicked man, poor soul. I hope he is at rest. He fell from the mast; and really it appeared as if the wind bore him up awhile before he fell into the sea. I thought I heard him groan as he went down, but maybe it was the howling of the wind. We all loved Hutchins, and I have no doubt but his companions will remember him long and with regret. Under the guardianship of heaven we outrode that storm, and at midnight the winds were hushed, and the moon shone beautifully upon the towering billows, in the long

swell of which we read with glad hearts the entire departure of the storm. The next morning our sails were stiffened in the wind, and as we rode gaily forward, we saw many wrecks that the winds and waves had made of ships, perhaps as good as ours. Among them was a large brig turned bottom upwards, and upon her stern was painted, in large letters, 'The Numa.' " At the mention of the Numa my blood ran cold, and I thought fearfully of the strong coincidence,—that day ten years, just such a day, and the wrecked vessel "The Numa," the same name of the ship in which we were then sailing. "Hunter," said I with trembling, "to-morrow morning and another Numa may be bottom upwards upon this dangerous ocean." "It may be so," he replied, and went, as I thought, in somewhat of a hurry to adjust some of the ropes at the bow; as he passed me he pointed upwards, and said, "My trust is there"

My imagination brought before me a thousand dangers, such as seamen could scarcely conceive of—and like spectres were my thoughts that haunted me and made me miserable. I fancied I saw fear pictured in the countenance of Hunter; and although I knew a nerve of his had never been shaken through fright, I could not help thinking there was something at his heart he wished to conceal. Every circumstance seemed ominous of our destruction; I saw a hundred specks upon the sun, and a thousand storms in each; and if ever a poor creature wished his feet upon the solid earth, I wished it then. Hunter laughed

at my fears, and told me I must learn to love the sea,—
“Never,” was my reply, “and if once more I gain my footing upon the shore, on my native side the waters, I’ll venture upon the waves no more.”

About an hour before sundown the wind sprung up and we were carried forward about four miles an hour. I pointed Hunter to a little cloud, precisely similar to that he had told me of, which hung about twenty rods to the right of the sun. He laughed at me, and refused to pay attention to it, pretending, as I thought, that he did not see it. In a little while, however, it became too formidable in appearance to be overlooked, and he found his advice was necessary to enable me to support my coward heart. At this time there were two vessels in sight, the one a brig bound for Charleston, the other a ship for Boston; the manœuvres of these vessels seemed strange to me, and increased my alarm. I kept my eyes fixed upon the little cloud, and saw it gradually increase in size, until it assumed a long and narrow appearance, and seemed to reach from the sea to the sky. Hunter was at my side, and I said to him, “We’ll have squally times here presently.” “Not very,” he replied, and left me to make some arrangements with the crew, who were ordered upon deck; the preparations they were making convinced me that something unusual was expected, and I could think of nothing but another tempest and another Numa bottom upwards. Still I continued to gaze upon the cloud, and still it increased in size;—nearer and nearer it came, and

as it approached the more difficult did my breathing become. At length a whistling noise was heard similar to that of the rigging in a gale. All hands were now stationed at the stern, awaiting the coming of the singular visitant, that neared us with fearful velocity, tearing up whole acres of the sea, and hurling the waters to the height of half a mile. The Captain ordered all the muskets on board to be prepared for action, and each man waited in silence for further commands. He pronounced the stranger a water-spout, and said there was but little hope of escape, except by bursting it with musket balls. Hunter picked his flint, and shook his head as if in doubt of the correctness of the Captain's decision. I stood looking on, and trembled like an aspen. There stood the men waiting in breathless anxiety to give the unwelcome stranger a warm reception. In a few minutes it frowned above the vessel, and threatened to overwhelm us. "Die like men," said Hunter, bursting into a fit of laughter—the musket fell from his hand, and frightened me so that I grasped the bulwark for support. The *whirlwind* passed a few yards astern, and left us to ride the billows that rolled in its wake.

THOUGHTS AT SEA—IN STORM AND CALM.

O! there's a bless'd sign, a word,
A feeling in the soul's soul stirred,—
In the wild tempest's war 'tis heard,—
It shines through midnight's starless gloom;
It tells us God is good—and we
Believe like children, trustingly.

MRS. HALE.

APRIL 1845, in the fine packet *Metamora*, we embarked at New Orleans to try the salutary influence of a sea voyage. The doctor's continued sufferings through the past winter, warned us of his speedy dissolution; yet our medical friends advised the sea air, as the last remaining hope for *him*, whose hopes were over and whose ties to life had been severed by the late bereavements. With a fearful heart, I implored him to leave the land which had proved so fatal to my family and seek my native *home*; from whence with buoyant hopes we had emigrated. Alas! my husband with tears of anguish besought to die where had died our fairest, sweetest children,—to lay in death's last sleep beside Laura and Hayward. But could I meet this, alone in a land of strangers, where the heartless soon weary of continued attentions to the unfortunate, and where was buried my most excellent, long tried nurse, whose loss I

could not supply and never shall,—my mother's faithful attendant, the humble christian-like Daphne. Thou who didst watch over *them* in life, and couldst not forsake *them* in death. Ah! two others I had lost that seemed to our household a loss equally irreparable. Family servants of Virginia's noblest stamp, those who feel an interest akin to friendship. Strange domestics mocked my heart's deep grief, while around seemed hastening to decay, all that had hitherto bound me to earth. No, in vain I struggled to bear up through this accumulation of woe; and hastily were the most important affairs adjusted, as if we in truth felt ourselves no longer denizens of earth.

Ah! often with tearful eyes and imploring *petitions* did the sister communicate her misfortunes to those allied by every tender tie; even my dearly loved brothers, who in prosperity had shared our fortunes, turned a deaf ear to my intreaties, and sought not to remedy the overwhelming evil.

Behold then, the emaciated father and family, consisting of the wife, two sons and an infant daughter of a few months old, embarked on the briny ocean, bound for the port of New York; strangely to me the vessel appeared, as many years had elapsed since I had been familiar with such. All was elegantly adorned in the interior of the cabin. But what was my astonishment to perceive huge bales of hemp blocking up the passway near our state room door; I protested against this outrage, as ruinous to comfort as well as health, but I had trusted to others to select the packet. A fearful foreboding as to the result of

the voyage seized upon me, which proved just in many respects.

The captain's name of the brig *Metamora*, was Weeks, an unworthy master of so fair and well proportioned a vessel as this, and who turned her beautiful cabin into a receptacle for unwieldly bales.

An exclamation from our party quickly drew most disgracefully all hands, men, women and children, to the deck, to behold the cause of such an unusual bustle. The sea, the sea, broke from every landsman, who for the first time now saw the wide-spread field of waters. But a heavy gale blowing in landward, we dared not descend into the seeming vortex; and there too, around lay a vast number of ships from every part of the world, awaiting for calmer hours. Look at the seven mouths! no, but a few can be seen; for great is the discharge of this immense outlet.—This huge *reservoir*, whose extreme verge extendeth over half of an hemisphere; from yonder point towers the lofty light-house; an experienced friend points out again another, and another of those long low bars of sand and drift, which mark the escape of the rapid, muddy waves, into the bosom of the gulf.

As a child, when wondering at thy vast and sullen flood, I mused over thy dangers with awe, yet curious to behold thee for myself; and now exceeding all I had dreamed of, stretcheth out in one continuous wide, and marshy waste thy desolate scenes; surrounded by my sons, who too imbibe enthusiasm from the wondrous and fearful view, I

stand, filled with the grandeur around, until the swift twilight darkens into shadowy night. Then bursts forth in all their blazing radiance, the *meteor guides!* on every dangerous point, to the sailor's floating bark.

And as we launched down into the Gulf, sublimity and terror shared the emotions of each soul, as we felt the bounding ocean's wave, now yawn into fearful depths, and now sweeping over, as about to overwhelm forever.

“Plunged into a gulf of dark despair,
Lay the trembling, sick'ning mortals there,”

came into my mind, as with aching head and sympathizing frame slowly I crept into the low berth; and now followed the deep *revoltings* of nature, as we rolled from side to side of the swinging berth.

Never can first impressions of this kind be effaced from the memory of old or young. I see the cabin in a perfect uproar, even the stout captain yields and turns pale; yes, he holds on to something and seems as if about to give up as others around; the poor little children feel the deadly seizure, but look to us in vain, powerless and sad we cling to our pillows. But on the attenuated frame of the invalid this much to be desired effect was lost. It was too late, nature could never revive again with him. Ah! thought I, shall we be renewed by this mighty change, for all on board had sought by this means to recover once more their usual health and strength.

Of the five children whose pale faces bore the marks of disease, all were remarkably renovated by the sea breezes

or its motion. My two sons, Fenelon and Gibbon, looked as if, even the remorseless *mosquito* would pity, or turn disdainfully from the uninviting repast,—the pallid shrunken flesh.

Poor Gibbon! he was the sickest on board, and never could bear the slightest swell of the sea during the long and extremely tedious voyage of nineteen days from New Orleans to New York.

The captain was a short thick set man, and unpleasant in his manner from an ungovernable and harsh temper, which continually broke out on all under his control, from the tall black steward of the cabin to the rude and uncouth looking mate. He who could tell of the long South sea whaling expeditions, where the salt meat and beans had putrified his blood, and hardened his nature into a rough nondescript sea animal.

No sentiment or gallantry in the officers of this packet, no long and wondrous tales of escapes from *pirate* or wrecked vessels, charmed the dull monotony of this most disagreeable voyage.

Sick as I was, I watched the motions of all around, from the harsh command first given when we entered the Gulf, "Steer direct Southward," from the lips of the haughty commander, to the immense roll of *charts* daily scanned over by him; curiously too, I would trace our course over that pathless scene and sought with eagerness on the well delineated map for the shoals and reefs which soon began to alarm us. 'Tis moonlight over the dark blue waters, a

few shades deeper in dye than the clear bright azure of the tropical sky above; we are near the fragrant shores of *Cuba*, and hear them from the tall mast proclaim, "within fifteen miles," and shall we petition to go in, for my suffering husband feels that the bland airs of that island will alleviate his disease and perhaps relieve him in a measure. It is a hard struggle for the invalid to decide, but thoughts of greeting his aged mother overrules all others, and he will continue the journey to his native land. Ah! irretrievable choice which eventually destroyed thee; too harsh were the northern skies for thy weak frame; and ever shall I regret not calling here until the summer had fully set in. Though only the tenth of May, still the heat is as the torrid zone, whilst seldom a freshening breeze steals over the level mirror of the Gulf. Slowly the beauteous bark glides over the placid waters, as at evening's cooler hour we came forth to see the same monotonous unchangeable calm. Look! yonder broad and flaming orb of light and heat sinks, as if suddenly quenched its blaze in the depths of water beneath, never to rekindle. And now spangled, as with the rays of thousands of mingled and mimic stars, shines the furrowed track, as the rippling waves yields to the keel.

Scenes! fraught with the deepest beauty, yea, and of sublimity too; who ever gazed and felt wearied of the solemnity here? Ye toil-worn pilgrims of earth's dark clod! pause awhile and ye shall learn there are purer pleasures awaiting man.

And if the moon's full beams pours its silvery flood, softening the radiance of the flashing stars, down, down into the deep blue world beneath ; linger still and let thy heart's pure orisons arise to heaven's *throne*.

"No eyes to watch, no tongue to wound,
All earth forgot, all heav'n around."

'Then seek the ocean, ye who have no time for meditation, amidst your toils and perpetual cares. 'The stamp of a present, of a mighty Creator is here. Man's ingenuity or power hath wrought no change upon thy eternal illimitable waters.

Doubling the long narrow Cape of Florida was an event to be dreaded, and on the wide seas or archipelagos of the ocean, few passes are as dangerous as this. Often would I exclaim, were I a man every exertion should be made to cut through this sandy promontory a wide canal ; it seems as if the extreme point of the Florida Cape once joined Cuba, and by some great concussion of nature became severed.

Alas ! what terror seized upon the captain, as we appeared to be driving in rapidly upon the rocky shores ; the winds and tides are against us, and behold we must dash to pieces, unless her course be turned from yonder deceitful yet lovely shore. Faint and weak from the oppressive atmosphere of the close cabin, I ascended the narrow stairway to meet bravely this new danger ; how fresh and delightful the strong sea breeze blowing direct, perchance

from Europe's distant shore ; near, and within a few miles were the bright grass green shoals, and most inviting did they seem ; to one whose soul yearned for the green of earth, how can it be dangerous and yet so alluring ; crested with wreaths of snowy foam, the sparkling waves of emerald hue beat against the reefs and sandy bars and dashed up the bold steep, rolling around the base in harsh thunders. Yet so natural did the enlivening color appear, and so wearied had I become of the hateful ship, that I felt no fear or dread of *harm*,—better there than back again to the wide and deep waters, where a death-like sickness enchains and enfeebles without cessation.

But the gallant vessel outrode this threatening calamity and soon we were afar off again on the great blue deep. But never to be forgotten is the first *real* and mighty storm upon an element unknown hitherto by the new voyager, unseen, unfelt. The day was unusually sultry, and towards evening, sudden but slight squalls would occasionally ripple over the otherwise silent and quiet face of the lake-like expanse before us.

A few fleeting clouds hurried past as driven by contrary winds, whilst the heavens wore no longer the clear azure tint of calm and sunshine. Above appeared unsettled and threatening ; all of the crew were on deck and even the weak invalid was assisted up to get a breath of fresher air. The pompous little captain doffed his surliness and answered our enquiries with some degree of interest, and

soon was it clear to our startled faculties that officers and sailors, all were on the look out for storm or tempest.

As the evening closed in, the distant thunder pealed along the deep, and black as despair grew the heavens, while the crisped wave seemed to pause, as if in mute expectation of the coming strife.

It came in one unbroken roar, that ceased not until it spent the wild tempest's power. The huge timbers of the *Metamora* creaked as she plunged from the waves' top to the fearful depth below; torrents of rain poured down as if the sky above and the waters beneath were mingled in one fearful mass; accompanied by my little companion, who resolved, too, to brave the dashing waves, now breaking continually over the bows and rushing into the fast closed cabin. I stepped over the door way on to the lower deck to see for myself the effects of this mighty power; holding on with difficulty to the side of the reeling vessel, I saw enough to make me feel as nothing, before the war-ring tempest. The foam crested waves seemed blended with the elements raging above, as at the fierce lightning's blaze I saw the sublime scene, the raging of the ocean when lashed into fury by the sweeping hurricane. As the salt spray fell over me, my son shrieked in long suppressed agony, seizing my hands and imploring to see no more,—and it was fraught with power sufficient to intimidate even a Cæsarian heart. Yet in my deep grief—my unabated despair! I felt as if nothing more could add to this weight of woe. Yes as if nought on earth or sea, could awaken

my interest again. I gazed on the terrible, to arouse my soul, to shake off the torpor of a creeping, slow death; and above all, to realize the Creator! the author of all!

Blessed be His name, I was enabled to say throughout the wild conflict, my Father is commander! even in the sea's depths he beholds and sustains the trusting soul.

The storm is on the sea
And rising fearfully
O'er the blast,
Comes the wieldly piercing shriek,
Its wails no words can speak—
'Tis the last!
And ocean's pall is spread,
And the deep receives the dead!

MRS. HALE.

The next morning, the sun, bright and dispelling all gloom arose, most cheerfully irradiating the still agitated waves, whereon the floating wrecks of the past night were seen. O! sad beyond description to behold the remains of what but lately braved the ocean's power.

All hands were busy mending and repairing the disasters of the past night. How firm and intrepid the thick set sailors, all black as night, yet a braver and more orderly crew seldom met together. Indeed they were far better bred and more of gentlemen, than the rude captain or first mate.

Often leaning over the vessel's side, have I lingered, until aroused by the rude tones of the steward, to retire and permit all to be closed for the night; there with me, united by the ties of kindred emotions, stood my first-born son—my Fenelon! marking with eagerness and delight, each change in the fleecy clouds above, or the face of the reflecting mirror beneath us. Sweet moments of silent enjoyment, when the full heart seemed loth to break the stillness of repose and true affections! Thou wert early taught to look through nature up to nature's God; and now that cruel and insidious hands have allured thee back from purer air and purer principles, to yonder land where was engulfed all of earth's treasures, O! implore heaven's guardian protection, and unite with thy parent in supplicating, yet again, to form in domestic peace, to behold once more on earth thy household united, thy mother surrounded by the remaining members of her own family. Ah! the *tree* whose trunk the lightnings of heaven hath marred, and left not the branches unharmed,

“Like living flowers upon a tomb,
The beauty all around her spread
But tells of lovelier beauties dead,
And breathes of solitude and doom.”

MRS. HALE.

My meditations at sea are of too sad a nature to interest any but those whose sensibilities are yet undeaded

by the influences of a selfish and heartless world. Then, and alas! even still, are the sombre hues of an eternal grief preying upon my heart's every shade.* Sometimes the cloudy skies appear as if giving away to sunshine and happiness; but transient such glimpses—all is night.

My home—my own home, were round,
Gathered in love's sacred bound,
The happy and the free.

Would, for the sake of my young readers, I could diversify these sad, and I fear, somewhat monotonous pages; yet give me a home with the smiling faces of my children gladdening my heart once more, with their innocent mirth, and then, and not till then, shall the shadows depart.

Stranger! the word of sadness falls
Like echo in deserted halls,
A sound of mystery, fear and gloom.

MRS. HALE.

Nerved with the thought of rearing my children,—of aiding by my labors, and of honestly gathering around the comforts once mine by inheritance, but now to be gained by the toil and sweat of my own brow. Ah! such feelings impart a supernatural energy, a power incredible, and when aches my head and throbs my heart, as if quailing

beneath the mighty task, my boys! my boys! arise up
before me pale and suffering.

To Him who hath promised to be a husband to the
widow, and a father to the orphan, shall my heart's warm
adoration ascend. He it is who can overrule all events;
He who hath said, "Fear not, ye are of more value than
the birds of the air, and yet not one falleth to the ground
without your Father's knowledge.

L I N E S

WRITTEN on the impulse of the moment, after knowing that my uncle, in whose faithful promise I implicitly relied; had, in his last moments, revoked the bequest to my children, that he assured me, when last we met on earth, was made for these orphans.

To my husband he had always professed the greatest attachment, and what could have induced him, after their father's death, to thus desert his family? And worse than all, it fell on his unfortunate neice, as something too dark, too revolting for the present age; and above all, in the midst of those professing the pure truths of Christianity.

To one who was left dependent on the scattered, though numerous claims, in distant States, faithless, heartless

debtors ! To one whose patrimony was expended, without benefit to herself or children, by the generous, yet improvident, husband and father, the unlooked-for blow came with a weight of grief inexpressible. He, who died childless, yet in bitterness of heart ; he who, with affectionate solicitude, invited the heart-broken widow to come with her little ones and make his home her own. But strange, how pride and independence will possess the stricken soul. No, said I, "let me go and see what has been left me ; it may be I shall gather from the wreck a sufficient support, a something to call my *own*." How could I abide in that house with *one* whose freezing nature and bitterness of manner seemed to curdle my heart's blood ; whose very breath exhaled the deadly poison of revenge. I felt, I knew that all an artful nature could do, would be done by *one* to wrest even the bread from my orphan *children*.—It was done ; and my heart tells me thou didst the *black deed*. 'Thou, who smiled with inward exultation as my *dying husband*, *unrested* from the weary and painful journey ; thousands of miles, by sea and land, had the worn and pale invalid travelled ; and here here, from his dying hand, was taken the gold earned by him, when incapable of any exertion, and which was claimed as a debt, yea, paid by the dying to the avaricious, though infants helpless and dependent, needed this aid.

Thy care-worn spirit's gone,
And long ere this, appeared

Before the orphan's God,
And trembled at his word.

What if thy mould'ring clay,
Was left to guard the *door*,
Wherein thy treasures lay,
It there shall watch no more.

And thou! wouldst sleep alone,
Beneath the flow'ry bed,—
Apart from kindred near,
Where strangers mock the dead,

When death's firm grasp was felt,
Thy heart rebellious still,
Deemed thus to mock his power
By pride's obdurate will.

Alas! with cruel sneer,
Thou still wouldst seek to wound,
And mar the peace of earth,
Though deep beneath the ground.

For her, who still survives,
Was made the strange bequest!
To win her presence still,
About thy place of rest.

But Hayfield's quiet seat,
With eager haste she left, -

'Twas there the dead was laid
For whom she little wept.

And now with joy and pride,
That selfish soul o'erflows,
Yea, boldly claimed as won,
The tribute of her woes.

Adieu! yet once in youth
I shared thy smiles of love,
E'er fair insidious one,
Her snares around thee wove.

The pangs of death are o'er,
And pale that noble brow,
Where power and genius strove,
Yet scorned a God below.

No! where immortals meet,
And where the just repose,
But wretchedness and woe
Thy hapless spirit knows.

In yonder land if seen
The Father, wronged by thee,
What couldst thy spirit say,
Of orphans' hapless destiny?

When last on earth we met,
Thou didst a friend appear,

And cheered the *mourner's* heart
With hopes unchilled by fear.

O! how couldst thou have died
Forgetful of thy vows?
How sleep in peaceful grave,
Forgetful of my woes.

NOTE.—He directed that his body should be buried near the Eastern door of Hayfield house, in the midst of his wife's flower garden, although his aunt Washington's burying ground was near, to whom he was greatly indebted, as she had willed him the estate.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

THIS morning the first thought on awaking, was on the anticipated scenes of the day;—is it fair or gloomy—rain or sunshine? Ah! another day dawns over this crowded city, dark and unpleasant as are the faces of the disappointed politicians now scowling around, as if though disappointed, yet *undismayed*.

Alas! how much to be desired for this display, are the cheering rays of the sun. But no such auspicious beams of light and glory gild this day. Yet behold youth and beauty have arrayed themselves in gorgeous apparel, and put on all the smiles of triumphant hope.

Woe to the delicate flowers and satin robes of the belle!

intended for the day, and therefore worn, however inappropriate. But the crowded ball-room was a more trying scene to those who would appear in all their courtly attire; the entrance and size of the building was unsuitable for such an occasion as this. A national ball! where was gathered the pride and beauty of a vast dominion. The North and South, East and West, all were here represented; a heterogeneous mass of all that should have been splendid and agreeable, alone met the eye; a perfect Babel of sounds and queer sights, from which the stranger was happy to be freed without loss of limbs. The *floors* of the dressing rooms were some feet deep in shawls and other articles of dress, where the owners might despair of ever recovering the looked for articles.

Radiant belles and wily politicians alike meet with disappointments on every side. The over-crowded city presents many curious scenes and eminent characters, where pre-eminent appear the noble band of Senators, men who have fought or won their way to those upper seats in our nation's gallery, and upon whose broad fronts are stamped "the will to do, and the power to dare to do."

Washington, the National Capital, bears the impress of a yet unfinished and uncomfortable air; the most unsuitable place in the world for a crowd; and many of this unsettled host are dwellers for a period only, in illy arranged boarding houses. In this manner the quiet comforts of home, so needed to soothe the sceptical and rest-

less politician, are lost. And what gains he in return for the sacrificed treasures?

Here in this immense vortex are conflicting elements, selfishness, pride and ambition.

At another time I will glance at characteristic traits, but now must generalize.

"I myself would seize the gifts of fortune,—would press my individual claim," is written on every brow, is seen in every action.

For the first time in my life, I am in the Capital on the inaugural day—the fourth of March. And what brings the stranger here, upon whose pale face is stamped the indelible traces of disappointment and sorrow? Alas! a wish—a hope of aiding my *cause*—my mission I had almost said—but pride, with its attendant train of anxious, restless phantoms, will not, cannot be rooted out by human agency. Despite of lost treasures,—despite of my angel ties, even now beckoning away to yonder spirit land, am I mingling in the busy crowd, and alas! partaking too much of its selfish spirit.

But a truce to these sombre reflections, and let us call to mind the hero of these scenes, but not the pompous, vain soldier of a day. Look through yonder dense moving mass, waving as the agitated sea. He comes! the elect of a great nation; of slight of figure, yet the dignity of conscious rectitude imparts a nobleness of expression peculiarly his own. In that low carriage he quietly

sits, receiving the acclamations that rend the air with a meekness truly touching.

No king approaches to receive the crown he was born to wear,—no, nought but moral power awes the beholders. Unostentatious thy bearing, as if a sense of the greatness of thy undertaking overawed thee with its august majesty, whilst a knowledge of thy dependance on a higher being caused that inward spiritual glance.

The patriot's heart rejoiced that no long-laid artful scheme had brought thee here, from thy haunts in private, or from thy straightforward course in public.

Methinks, if on that brow wert placed
The dazzling, jewelled crown, it graced
Never a nobler head, since days of old,
'Midst Roman pageantry and wealth untold,
It glittered on the broad *Cæsarean head*.
For thou! as Washington, didst lead
Victorious battle's firm array;
As he, thou scornst the haughty sway
Of pride or pomp; but e'en to Him,
Before whom earthly splendors dim,—
Wouldst bow thy uncorrupt and heav'n taught soul,
And ever crave thy Sovereign's blest control.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

For whom triumphant shouts now swell?—
For whom from every height and dell,
Come floating o'er the freeman's ear
The "notes omnipotent to cheer?"
'Tis he, the Chieftain, wise and brave!
'Tis he, who triumphs but to save;—
With wreaths immortal twine his brow,
And let the starry banner now,
That o'er him waved in yonder field,
Aloft be hung, ne'er more to yield.
It there shall tell the conqueror's fame,
Th' unsullied honors of his name!
Columbia's patriot, just and true,
The praise of freemen is his due.
As Cincinnatus firm,—yet bland—
For honor and his native land,
The shining steel in pride he drew,
The steel, defeat that never knew.
Thus when the noble deed was done,
The battle fought—the victory won,
The glittering sword in peace was sheathed,

With Fame's unfading laurels wreathed.
In war the Chieftain foremost stood,
A warrior, though no man of blood,
In peace, the favoring nation's will
Proclaimed the hero honored still.
Nor weal, nor wo e'er caused that brow
To any but his God to bow :
To Him, his fervent prayer be raised,
His high and holy name be praised,
When war's ensanguined deed was o'er,
And peaceful hailed thy native shore.

* * * * *

Behold on yonder distant plain,
Amid the trampled and the slain,
Unmoved the conquering General stands,
And points the war and gives commands ;
The warriors of Columbia fly,
Resolved to conquer or to die ;
And lo ! see yonder eagle sweep
Majestic through the azure deep ;
Hear him in his heavenward flight,
Proclaim the veteran warrior's might ;
Awhile he paused above the field,
And saw the foes of freedom yield,
Then homeward sped his rapid way,
To tell the triumphs of that day.
Thine eye was fixed on higher aim
Than rose from battle's loud acclaim ;

Now wear the laurels thou hast won,
Virginia's brave and noble son !
With weeping eye and trembling hand,
A native of thy own fair land,
Would throw the wild and flow'ry wreath,
Thy star o'erlighted way beneath.
Nor rich, nor dazzling hues they bear,
Nor fragrance sweet upon the air—
But from a grateful heart they rise,
Like odors to autumnal skies.

Virginia ! birth-place of the great,
I love thee still, thou beauteous State !
And on thy soil where patriots dwelt.
In rapturous homage I have knelt.
A wanderer though now I be,
My happiness is loving thee !
Nor fortune's beam, nor pleasure's ray
E'er lights my dim, secluded way ;
But wheresoe'er my feet I turn,
My love for thee shall ever burn ;
Thy woods and wilds to me are dear,
In memory now my thoughts they cheer ;
There bloomed the pale wild flowers I bring,
There chanted first the notes I sing.

A FEW LINES FOR CLARA'S ALBUM.

I would engrave on this fair page,
For thee, sweet one !
The record that shall tell to age,
What thou hast won !

And Clara, sigh not for pleasures,
Or fortune's smile,
But with heaven's sweeter treasures
Thy heart beguile.

And when the roseate tinge shall fade,
From thy fair cheek,
The Christian's purest joys be made
The hopes thou'lt seek.

TO MY LITTLE GIRL AT PLAY.

AMIDST THE FRAGMENTS OF TORN PAPERS,—RECORDS
OF THE SHADOWED PAST.

Fair child ! what dost thou here ?—at play

Where mournful mem'ries of the past

Seem, as if dark'ning o'er thy way.

Ah ! childhood's grief doth never last ;—

And still so innocent thy smile, •

'Twere pity earth's snares should beguile.

With shout and laugh, and merry song,

Thou'd greet each passing stranger by,

To thee life's early joys belong.

For still undimmed thy sparkling eye !

When tears are brief as vernal showers,

And lightly darkens o'er thine hours.

B A S C O M ,

IN THE CAPITAL OF THE UNION.

IN December last, this powerful orator and highly finished scholar, was prevailed on by his old friends and other distinguished members of the House, to ascend where he had before so often stood as Chaplain, and again be heard in defence of heaven's cause. Time had not marred or lessened the mighty power of this minister, though disease had somewhat impaired his physical strength. The full eye shone with a brilliancy unsurpassed by the eye of man, whilst the tenement of flesh seemed too frail for the pent up soul, whose mighty aspirations and overflowing power shook the house of clay to its base.

His subject was the Cross of Christ,—the advent of the Incarnate Deity; a suitable theme to arouse all the energies and emotions of his noble soul. As at the *name* of the blood-stained cross, the powers of darkness array themselves, and stand up to battle unto death, supported by the champions of pride and passion. The cross! to those who scorn the simple truths it enforces, appears as an obsolete dogma; a fable gotten up by Jewish dissenters; a tissue of impossibility; an absurd imposition upon

the credulity of the world. To the Athenians of old it also appeared a marvellous conception, when Paul proclaimed in their ears, waxed gross by the brutality of their passions, the unknown, the Incarnate Deity.

Bascom's audiences in the halls of the Capitol were veterans in the world's warfare; men who, from childhood to hoary age, were wedded to the pomp and the pleasures of a world whose frown they dreaded more than that of a crucified Savior; men upon whose lofty brows and proud carriage, were stamped the symbols of their calling,—the earthliness of their pursuits. To such, belief is hard, for they cannot or will not become "as little children," and lay down at the foot of the cross, the stern panoply of pride and sin.

But a few of those who filled that immense circle were Christians, self-denying, cross-bearing Christians! Incompatible are the truths of pure religion with an absorbing devotion to the world. Bascom is, without an exception, one of the most powerful orators of the age; boldly unfolding to his hearers the striking points of his subject, he bears them away with the irresistible force of imagination and reason combined, whithersoever he wills.

Pathetic powers too, are at his command, for as I listened, the tears stealing unbidden from my eyes, that still would gaze as if fascinated by some mysterious agency, told the control of sympathy. Surely, thought I, eloquence is the grand and true key to the human heart—unbarring the iron doors of the cold sceptic! and loosening

the hard bound cords of the shrivelled miser. God grant
that when this star shall go out in death, another like him
may arise in the firmament of truth and love!

Thou gifted one! I heard thee first
Where art and beauty's grace
Around thee pressed in silent awe!
Amid the sculptured place.

Thy country's eagle spread above
Thy broad expanded brow,
No dove of peace held forth of love,—
The mystic type below.

And proud the step and bold the gaze
Of those who claim the meed,
Blind fortune deigns alike to all,
If good or ill their deed.

The cross! the cross! proclaimed by thee!
Rang through the vaulted dome,
And echoed round, where list'ning stood,
All silent as the tomb,
The hush'd and voiceless multitude.

Ah! when thy deep-toned accents ceased
To vibrate on the ear,
'Tis feared that from the heart effaced,
Truth's faithful image there.

- MY BOYS .

The following lines in some degree express the anguish of a *mother's* heart, when that heart has been torn by the perfidy of false friends ; yea, those who greedily grasp the orphan's and widow's mite, and laugh to scorn the simplicity of that *mother* who trusted but to be betrayed.

My boys ! my boys ! how aches my head,
How wildly throbs my breaking heart,
To know ye are estranged, and made
Alas ! to act a foreign part.

When in my arms as babes ye lay—
And on my bosom fondly smiled,
I little thought to see the day,
When kindred foes with arts beguiled.

Come back ! come back ! my children dear !
Be sheltered in my arms once more !
E'er the fearful plague ye share,
That soon shall sweep the river's shore.

Oft in my dreams I clasp again
My own—my darling youngest boy !
Had I the wings, swift to the plain
Wouldst fly and snatch e'er fate destroy.

If e'er the dead to life could rise,
And from the silent grave awake,—
O ! surely then, my husband flies
The wife to shield, when all forsake.

Thou my Father God hath said,
And from thy Word what comfort flows,
"Fear not, I am the orphan's friend,
And will protect though earth oppose."

O then ! to thee at mornings hour,
Or when the stars upon the night,
But shadow forth eternal power !
Be poured the prayers, my wrongs to right.
Be seen my tears that daily flow,—
Be known my wretchedness and woe.

THE TEMPEST

"Then he arose and rebuked the sea, and there was a great calm."

At His voice the tempest's power
No longer lashed the bounding wave,
He spoke—"Be still"—in awful hour,
And warring winds obedience gave.
Though thou art veiled in earthly form,
Creation owns thy vast control,
And thou canst check the wildest storm!
E'en that of man's impassioned soul,
C'er whom the fierce dark passions roll,
More to be feared than ocean's rage,
When thunders roll and lightnings gleam,
In furious war with earth doth wage,
And all in wild confusion seem.

Hazlewood, Va., 1829.

THE PLEASURE TRIP ON THE OHIO AT LOW WATER.

IN 18—, a family of Mississippians seeking comfort and pleasure, embarked at Louisville on the excellent steamer ———, bound for New Orleans. The weather was remarkably fine, and though Autumn had advanced into October, still the forest and fields wore their richest livery, unchanged but by a few bright golden hues, the effects of the early yet transient frost. From that immense and splendid establishment, the Galt House, the party consisting of the gentleman, wife and three children, proceeded to the wharf. There also a crowd of Southerners, long detained by the lowness of the river, awaited the motions of the very few boats which could attempt to pass down at the present stage of the water.

At the *canal*, detention was unavoidable, but oh ! how provoking this loss of time, as was seen from the margin the river's continual decrease, shrinking away as if about to bare its bed to the gaze of the curious. Well ! that tedious business of passing the poorly constructed affair, the little canal, for such vast and increasing trade surely should demand a mightier work, an immense excavation that even ships might venture ; it is over and the heavily laden steamer, breathing out her vapors, cautiously proceeds

along the shallow stream. How unfortunately she is burthened, but the crafty captain will find himself outwitted, for already murmurs are heard and uneasy glances are cast around at the freight.

Many of the commanders of these boats, trading from Louisville to the *mart of the South*!—the great emporium for all its varied productions, are most respectable and worthy citizens; who with the usual desire for change, consequent upon the restless migratory habits of the population, have left their abundant and overflowing farms, the peaceful, quiet pleasures of home, for the tumultuous scenes of the crowded steamboat. The large assembly are made up of adventurers from various portions of the Union, intermingled with the independent farmer whose simple and unpretending manner wins upon the heart. Here too, the Creole beauty, patient and gentle, yet sighing once more for the luxuries of her own home,—the fragrant grove with its golden fruit and the heavy hanging pomegranate with its peculiar tropical looking foliage, all seemed to approach nearer and nearer as the boat glided on to its destined port. Mrs. R., a native of Maryland, but long a resident of New Orleans, wore the tranquil air of the South with the engaging liveliness of her native State, she was accompanied by her husband, a lovely babe and its most excellent nurse, and had been during the summer months in Philadelphia with her husband's mother, whom Mr. R. had not visited for nine years; a common incident, though not separated by the wide ocean, for young men engaging in the ardu-

ous pursuit of wealth, to forget the early ties of domestic life.

But the magnates of the company were Col. O. and Gen. R., late from Europe, where they had been sent on a financial mission of great importance to their adopted State, Illinois. Col. O., formerly of New York, was an engaging gentleman of the old school, whose polished manners and elegant address, prepossessed every one in his favor; his fine features were of the Roman character, except the benevolent mild mouth; his figure little above the middle size was slender and graceful. I am particular in describing him, as he was the general favorite of all on board, although the general, his compeer, was almost as much beloved, yet they were each of the upper ranks and deserved their ascendancy. The general was remarkably large and noble in his appearance, with the ruddy hue of health glowing on his cheek and sparkling from his eye of the deepest black.

Often would they entertain us with their fine descriptions of the old world, and tell in the language of admiration of the youthful Queen, England's Victoria! but the ladies sought to hear more particularly of the peculiar fashions and texture of the garments worn by the nobility. The colonel had the care to examine the rich laces of far famed Brussels, and even was about to introduce such a luxurious article of dress into the interior of Illinois, to the envy and despair of less fortunate ladies. Being quite

an amateur in the arts and sciences, he had also drawings and paintings which beguiled the tedious voyage.

Under the protection of the colonel was a blooming girl, daughter of an English clergyman of London, on her way also, to the Far West, where, in St. Louis, lived her brother. Doubtless long e'er this she is at the head of an American family of her own; one great inducement for youth and beauty to emigrate from the overstocked markets of the old to the early settlements of the West. But we will digress from the boat and its occupants to the little village before which the boat now stops; see how delighted the children are to clamber up the hill-side and stretch their cramped limbs, unused to the close confinement of the cabin. Each nurse with the baby must land here too, as the little ones want fresh milk, as well as fresh air, and the captain says we shall be detained here at least one hour.

The doctor's family, attracted by the beautiful scenery around, join the groups on shore, where some were strolling on the low beach picking up the fresh water shells or curious petrifications, others upon the heights around and in the village. A lively scene, for numbers of the people were loaded with fruit, nuts and every variety of eatables, and engaged in active sales of their several commodities; loud songs and echoing peals of laughter resounded from all sides; the fair lady looked forth from her latticed window, whilst the less coy filled their piazzas or porticos. Ah! what an interruption to the thrifty housewife, see!

one has come from the loom perhaps, in yonder comfortable yet plain mansion ; see she turns a look of contempt upon the whole affair, and her shrill voice of reproof sends them all to their domestic labors. Hark ! the bell's warning sound now calls in all the tramping multitude, swift,—or we shall not be in time, for these rich flowers with which we are laden allured us too far up the terraced and lovely gardens ; yet one more tube rose !—and another wreath of this fragrant honey suckle !—and we shall bid the hospitable host and hostess farewell forever.

How refreshed and cheerful all, since the little romantic excursion to this fairest of villages, and better than all, a thriving Kentucky-like scene, for though the settlements generally, on the opposite side are more prosperous, yet we prefer this—those are busy, for the crowd of emigrants are flocking in from the old world, and hence their smoking factories and foreign look, and worse than all *foreign manners*.

'Tis midnight, and the boat still glides slowly and cautiously over the beautifully clear, lake-like stream.

An almost perfect river in every feature presented to view, as we skim over the placid and receding waters, nought mars the delight but the ever haunting idea of shoals and sand-bars. Yet before us are the broad shallows of Smithland, here the bed of the river widens out into a far and vaguely spread surface of points and bars, and here, alas ! on every side stand fast, until the rising

waters float them off, the fair and handsome *fleet of steamers* that ventured too soon down this uncertain stream.

Ah! well might the great, but eccentric Randolph exclaim of thee! "that thou wert frozen up in the winter and evaporated in summer." Far less expensive to the commercial and traveling world, dependent on this truly uncertain river, to be taxed for the straight canal, which should go direct to the Mississippi and be fed by the waters of the Ohio, which are always abundant for that; could the bed of the river be straightened and deepened this would avail; but that seems impossible, as the immense and frequent overflows give a wide *surface* and hence evaporation is great from June until November.

At Smithland the bars are too plain, nothing but flat-boats can pass, yet the captain *ventures* and we are fast in the sand—what a shock as the reeling and top heavy boat grinds the bottom. Now what a babel of sounds and harsh commands; the hands are ordered out with great cables, they fasten on to the boat and endeavor to loosen her, but in vain, she seems to sink deeper and deeper in the *sandy shoal*. Lighten her completely! is heard from the distressed and perplexed officers, and now we must part with every trunk, how long is uncertain; thus the greater part of the day is passed in unloading. See what a supply of that fiery element they had on board, as are beheld the long rows of *whiskey barrels* on the level beach. All the passengers are ashore except the females and children, and they with mournful looks participate in the fearful

calamity; see the bright roses have left that Englishwoman's full and dimpled cheek, as wondering at the strange scene, she gazes wistfully towards her late quiet home;—and hear what oaths and fearful imprecations are blended with the harsh and confused noises around. O! if it would but rain and pour down in floods, then we might be released; but no, all wears the appearance of continued drought, whilst the fiery orb of day sinks unclouded behind yonder mass of living verdure, and the pale moon through the hazy atmosphere looks melancholy down, as if she pitied these hapless mortals, and indeed we are to be sympathised with, for what is to be done in this dilemma;—true we are not wrecked or burnt to the waters edge as the desolate scene we passed yesterday, but this cargo of men, women and children will have to disperse. A rich *scene* for the *far-cical* pen or the fun loving humorist; as night closed around her shadowy curtains, might be seen the anxious groups on the white beach, where was piled up every variety of merchandise, and reflecting now a ruddy glare from the heaped up blazing pile of huge logs and passing torches.

The gentlemen take refuge once more in the comfortable state rooms and ample saloons of the unfortunate steamer, and enjoy their last comfortable repose. With emotions of unfeigned joy the poor despairing ladies beheld their friends returning to the boat, but a settled gloom pervades all hearts as they judge it impossible for us to proceed in that way, and form plan after plan to extricate themselves. Ah! but the trunks, are they safe,—for too

many in the hurry of the moment had forgotten their night clothing; well it is in vain to complain, we shall have to do without them; few slept but disturbed slumbers that night, for the drunken and thoughtless revelled loud and long, and the murmur of jarring sounds died not away until long after midnight, then as we would start from the short and uneasy slumber, was heard the melancholy splashing of waves, around the now silent wheels. Morning dawned on the pale and perplexed crew, what was to be done, there is no stage near and there is no alternative, *water or no water*, sand or rocks, we must keep on to the mouth of the Ohio.

A vote was called and the captain taking the *chair*, bade them decide if the keel boat should henceforth be paddled down the stream, or take their passage money back and the chances by land.

They deliberate until the majority decide on the keel boat, then begins another scene of deep interest, for the said boat is unfit for the reception of such a company.

Alas! now orders are given by the fashionable and dismayed group of pale faces to their waiting maids in attendance, to pack up every article but the simplest attire, no elegant morning garb or the full dinner robe of shining satin, or the softer fold of the embroidered *mouslain* will ever grace yonder foul and dark *den*. All is now piled up in the hold, and the captain's anxious voice is heard calling out for the ladies to descend into that gloomy prison-like abode. No pen can fully describe the appearance of the interior

of this little keel boat, the structure of the timbers and long low rooms were simple enough; strong they were and made for rough cargoes, but the passengers, can they be packed or *potted up* as one would stow away pickled meats. But look around and see how cunningly they have fixed and assorted the live cargo, and the immense array of band boxes and traveling equipage of all colors and sizes. The trunks are made to stand together in one huge pile in the middle of the *cavern*, for the absence of windows renders it frightfully dark, and the romantic appellation of cave or cavern accords more with the fantastic groups than that of the ship-like name of hold; at all events it was an ill assorted and incongruous *package*, which almost terminated fatally, from the closeness of the receptacle and foulness of the pent up air. 'The most disgusting sight that met the eye was the green pools of *feetid petrid* water, left by the careless and sordid owner, and these we had to endure for the long and tedious voyage; a little earlier in Autumn and the yellow fever would have broken out in all its violence. 'The only help for all this was to live out on the deck in the open air, as there was no awning that was suitable during the heat of the day; unfortunately the weather continued dry and hot for several days. O! how we plead with the rowers toiling at the oar, day and night too when the light admitted of this, to hasten on—on; never was the mouth of the Ohio so earnestly desired before, as that was the gaol, the stopping point.

Sometimes a party of gentlemen and ladies, accompanied by the larger children would go ashore, and walk across some points where the river would wind around more circuitously.

There in the cool and quiet forest we would follow the little pathway for miles unwearied; refreshed often by the kindness of the humble cottager, where we would pause to hear his simple and unaffected narrations of these early settlements and frequent disasters from illness, and worse than all the overflowing of the sometimes mighty river, sweeping in its fury the abode of poverty as well as the proud palace. How pure and delicious the cooling draft of milk, handed by the rosy fingered and cheerful maiden. Often would these walks be prolonged for miles, as the boat could generally be kept in view, and so slow was its motion that many of the party hunted throughout the day; this was more easily accomplished than a stranger would imagine at first glance, as the Ohio is remarkable for its number of *bends* or angular sweeps around long promontories of land. Ah! how hateful was the dismal *boat* upon the return from such pleasant and delightful trips.

General R. one of the before mentioned *commissioners* gave up the trying scene in a day or two, determining to cross over by land, and left his baggage at the village, for the first boat after the rise of the waters; we missed his cheerful and agreeable society, for all were becoming rather peevish, and the colonel kept on deck dreading the miasma of the interior, there forlorn and looking out of place

too was his *pet*, the beautiful carrier pigeon, brought by him for his charming family who resided in the neighborhood of Springfield, Illinois, from Europe; poor thing it had just crossed the wide sea and to be doomed to such a fate! By it was the flourishing perennial *Carnation* pink, from the rich gardens of Andalusia it came, to bloom amidst the forests and prairies of the Far West.

Yet at night, when the darkness forbade our motion, how can I portray the misery of this *package*, those under the lonely window feared the damp effects of night air on the water and refused to allow it to be raised, and consequently the atmosphere was stifling within, where we lay on *temporary couches* above the green puddles; this bedding was removed every morning (for all the floor was covered) to allow us a pass-way through the day. The gentlemen wrapped themselves in blankets and laid on the dining tables or the long planks on which we dined; we could hear their groans, for nothing but the partition of the trunks intervened and a little curtain over the door-way. O! blessed sound to the fainting occupants of this *den*, when triumphantly proclaimed by cheering voice, behold the mouth of the Ohio and steamboats in waiting!

THE BELLS OF CHRIST CHURCH.

THE bells! the bells! how sweet their tone
Rings out upon the air—
I often pause to hear that sound,
So pleasing to the ear.

For I have dwelt where sounds of bells,
Were few and seldom heard;
How blessed to be where Sabbath days
Are truly loved and feared.

No more with bustling steps are thronged
The silent streets around,
But all proclaim the Christian's Rest!
Where truth and peace are found.

Then ring the bells as tuned by art,
In softest music's power!
They tell that far from gloom and shade,
Now glides the hallowed hour.

The chiming bells! they tell of those
Whose skilful power and pride,
Adorned the domes and sculptured walls,
Where saints have lived and died.
O! ever thus I'd hear their tone,
And seek no more the forest lone.

LAURA'S VISION.*

LAURA! with thy golden hair,
Floating on the dewy air,
With thy radiant, azure eye,
• Turn—O! turn from earth and die!
Kindred spirits point the way;—
Go! where shines eternal day.
Mother! from thy couch of pain,
Haste and greet the seraph train;—
Hark! her accents softly wild,
Father clasp thy dying child!
E'er from thee, to yonder skies,
Happy ransomed spirit flies,
Round me, heav'nly glories shine
Radiant forms of love divine.
Lo! I see my Savior's face,
By his side with angel grace,
My lov'd brother too appears;†
Look! a daz'ling crown he wears,

*A few days previous to Laura's sudden and alarming attack of congestive fever, while reclining on the couch in her father's office, appeared this remarkable *phenomenon* or vision. I know not what else to call this *gracious interposition* of heaven. A warning of speedy dissolution. The *idol* of the house was about to be removed and *shrined* where it was best for earthly idols to be. O then! the bereaved, could own nought but God and God alone.

†Hayward, the next dearest,—handsome, intelligent and noble spirited, and possessed of faith and piety beyond his years, who but a few weeks previous had been followed to his grave by his sister.

While his robes of glitt'ring white
Shines most beauteous to my sight;—
Chang'd how fair immortal form!
Since pass'd death's billowy storm.—
Father! mother! now behold,
Heaven's bright gates for me unfold;
Happy! happy! blissful home!
I shall dwell where angels roam;—
Soon shall join their rapt'rous songs.
Hark! they float from glitt'ring throngs;
Hear! their joyous anthems flow,
Now from heav'n to earth below.

Father am I dying now?
The dews of death are on my brow?
See! what glorious scenes arise
Full upon my dazzled eyes!—
Yes, we'll bid thee go, sweet one!
Ardent prayer thy home hath won;—
Lo! for this thy Savior died.
Haste where angels bright shall guide,
E'en to yonder spirit land!
Loveliest of my household band!—
We soon shall meet where never more
Sorrow's wave can reach that shore.
Fare thee well!—if grief and woe,
Must from breaking hearts o'erflow,
Still the hope is sweet that thou
Art most blessed and happy now.

MY SOUTHERN HOME.

The following lines were written on reading a piece inscribed by a lady of Philadelphia, to her Southern home in the American Model Courier of 1848.

Ah! why should tears bedew my cheek,
At thought of thee! my Southern home!
'Tis vain, no other home I seek
Though far my fainting step should roam.

For there, on Mountville's shady lawns!
By Mississippi's rolling stream,
My children's last as playful fawns,
Will ever haunt my midnight dream.

There side by side they slumber now,
Whose early love our hearts entwined,
Whose innocence confiding sweet!
With sacred peace and hope could bind.

I will not mourn, that tropic sun
Shines fierce upon my children's graves,
But earnest pray, "thy will be done,"
E'en if be doomed oblivious waves.

An exile from my native shore,
Yet guided by my ruling star!
Mysterious fortune bade me go;—
With love-lit smile I wandered far.

'Midst China's foliage green, there shone
My cottage home,—Coutoubla's wave,
Whose banks with lofty trees o'ergrown,
Thy sloping grassy hill-sides lave.

If beautiful thy sunny skies!
Alas! miasma's poisonous breath,
From swamps interminable rise,
They but o'erspan a field of death.

Then fare thee well thy prairies green,—
Thy vallies rich,—thy cultured cane,—
There vernal pride of tropics seen,
Yet broke my heart with grief, with pain.

Still blest the land where loved ones sleep,
Subdued by oft repeated woes,
I would the christian's harvest reap,
And gain the haven of repose.

Could I, as hermit once of old,
While sympathizing kings gave aid,
Thy miseries and thy charms unfold,
Then should the *monument* be laid,
Then purified, thy church be saved.

I would my country's saints implore,
I would the christian's God invoke,
Thy land enthralled to peace restore,
Enslaved by ancient Romanish yoke.

It is the author's most ardent and cherished hope, if heaven smiles upon her efforts; yet to see established a Missionary church, where now reposes her beloved children, Laura and Hayward. No fairer spot,—no better field for the christian laborer whose panoply of strength shall be the Bible.

There within verge of the grand prairie arise the beautiful and remarkable range of hills known as Mountville. You may pass from the Red river to the Gulf, over many parishes of luxuriant beauty; yet no such landscape as richly adorned by nature, shall meet your unwearied glance as here presents itself.

Charming groves of magnolia adorn every eminence, while the lofty Cypress marks the valley's winding course. Here also the towering monarch of the forest mingles with its perpetual and refreshing hue, whose umbrageous and immense foliage on the distant view, seems as a cluster of trees, yet uniting in one dark mass,—one *verdant spot*. Yet alas! those who possess this land unsurpassed in calm, yet attractive beauty, unequalled in fertility or natural resources are almost entirely destitute of mental cultivation or pure enlightened views of the christian religion. Yea, they revel in the sunshine of earthly delights, of fleeting

pleasures, regardless of what to-morrow may bring forth,—regardless but of the present. For the pleasures of sense, temptingly offered on every hand, would exclude the higher and refined enjoyments of the cultivated, the purified intellect, people that literally say, “to-day let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.”

Most of the French population are of Canadian extract, and yet retain the primitive simplicity of their mother country, before the Revolutionary war introduced a new order of things.

In the interior these simple denizens of the prairie adhere to the usages and customs of olden France.

Would to heaven the faithful and devoted Huguenot, could be induced to colonize in these remote, but truly beautiful districts of Western Louisiana. They would as a lump of *leaven*, infuse their pure and hitherto invincible principles, carrying with them the pleasing manners that should more easily assimilate with the *mass*. Unfortunate land! formerly a Spanish province, then an appendage of the French monarchy, and now a community of simple peasants, overruled by the reckless and intrepid adventurer. Yet shall thy release come when He whose eye is over thee with a fatherly and omnipotent care, shall so ordain.

L I N E S

Addressed to Dr. W. H. B., the Great Grand-Son of
Franklin.

Thou, of Columbia's honored Sage !

Descendant true and high,

O ! thus bequeath to every age ,

The deeds that never die !

As Franklin, fair and just and true ;

Blest founder of a race !

Mayst thou that even course pursue ;

His paths again retrace.

The Halls of Science ever free !

He opened wide the way,

And upward gazed where none but he

Couldst trace the *Lightning's ray*.

With accents bland the mourner soothe,

Unused such sounds to hear,

For few possess thy heart's warm truth,

Or lend a listening ear.

Mærcenius thus of Roman fame,

Couldst smile where genius strove ;

Or thy blest sire, whose patriot name,

Still all revere and love.

THE SPRING FLOWERS.

Most affectionately inscribed to my friend and connexion, in whose beautiful garden these flowers were gathered, early in January, 1838.

A party of ladies were conducted to the rich bed of hyacinths and hearts-ease, and though the cold north-western air was filled with frost, yet the fragrance was extremely fine; above us, on a luxuriant vine, hung the full clusters of the yellow jesamine, or more properly, the woodbine. All these blooming forth as if they had mistaken the depth of winter for Spring. Selecting a large boquet for the parlor, I withdrew in silence, as thoughts of my Northern home came up too full for my self-control, and brought the gushing tears of repentance, for I felt as if I would return and seek again *that quiet valley*.

The flowers were my companions for several days after, whilst I drew and painted them just as they hung in the old fashioned vase, and also attempted to immortalize them by the following *rhapsody*, which I will beg leave to preface by declaring that neither prose nor verse have any other charms to me than those of association.

O! yes, I still most love these flowers!

They bid me dream of spring-time hours,

Again I hear those April showers
That glittering fell on distant bowers ;
Then chilling winter's reign was o'er,
And frost or snow would blight no more.

As pearls, how delicately fair
The snowy hue and radiant air!
And gently from the living green,
Uprose thy fresh and graceful mien,
O sweet and richly clustering bells,
As ever bloomed in *fairy* dells,
Diffusing e'en through frigid air
A fragrance soft—as summer fair,
Had stolen down, and lingering there,
Breathed soft around her magic power,
E'er fell the cold, the glittering shower.

Hyacinthus, time hath glanced thee by,
Though ancient *Fanes* in ruins lie,
Thy fragile charms still sweetly bloom,
Around the old and sculptured tomb,
As when by Grecian priest of old,
The fables' wondrous tales were told
To list'ning youths of beauteous mould;
And softly twined Arcadian maids,
Thy lovely wreaths neath verdant shades!
And decked their darkly flowing hair,
By classic stream,—yet murm'ring there,

Where mirrored oft their eyes of light,
"So wildly, spiritually bright."

Speak ! living ones ! from Orient land !
And tell in whisperings sweet and bland,
Of cloudless *Paradision* light,
Where first thy charms unfold to sight.
Alas ; the withering blast of God,
'To sand hath turned that verdant sod.

Fair gem of sweet enamelled May !
Hearts-ease, here blooming bright and gay,
As if the air of Euxine seas,
Fanned with its soft, delicious breeze,
Thy velvet leaves of varied dye,
Hope's symbol fair when lovers sigh ;
Thou canst not cheer this wintry gloom,
When all that's fair must seek the tomb ;
If zephyrs soft as summer's ray,
Bade thee thy charms unclothe to-day,—
'To-morrow, glittering frost shall be
A lasting shroud of death to thee !

And thou, too, odoriferous flower !
Oft mantling bright the time-worn tower,
What dost thou here, midst swampy plains,
Where pestilence and sorrow reigns ?
E'en if magnolia's lofty brow,
And glossy green,—unveiled but show

The flowret's *cup* of dazzling snow.
I sighed to see the woodbine bloom,
Beneath such dark umbrageous gloom.

In childhood's hour, when voices sweet,
And forms angelic there couldst greet,
My raptured soul! thou wildly gay,
Profusely decked the happy way!*

Alas! the loved, the fair hath slept,
And I too oft in vain have wept,
Since shaded by thy spreading vine,
We playfully rich clusters twine—
Of golden wreaths that withering hung,
O'er brows with sorrow yet unwrung.

I linger still—but they are gone,
With faint and trembling hand forlorn,
I'd grasp at mortal wreaths and sigh
For brighter ones that never die.

*Alluding to the remarkably fine and luxuriant growth of the woodbine that completely and deeply covered the front of the Wood-Lawn House, where then lived my beloved friend, Mrs. E. P. Lewis.

THE GOD I LOVE.

This beauteous world was framed by One,
The God I love,
Whose holiness and power are known
In heaven above.

We feel on earth thy grace divine,
Our hearts o'erflow,
And may our songs of love be thine,
Forevermore!

And when below we cease these strains—
Thy glorious Love!
May we be borne to heavenly plains
Of world's above.

TO MRS. R——, of BALTIMORE.

ROSA! thou art in every charm arrayed;
Whilst sunny skies without one shade,
O'er thee a canopy hath made,
Of hopes divine!

Around glad friends doth fondly press,
And all of earthly happiness,
And all of love's deep tenderness,
Seem ever thine.

Thy friendly sympathies are dear,
And shall the heart of sorrow cheer—
For thou canst charm the list'ning ear
With love benign.

And purest peace thy heart o'erflows,
With joys the Christian only knows,
And hence thy quiet, deep repose
On Love divine.

Thy husband blest, with thoughtful air
And love-lit smile, with thee would share,
Life's pleasures has its every care,
That firmly bind.

Adieu ! when life's poor scenes are o'er,
And thou hast gained that heavenly shore,
Where dwell the saints forevermore,
Thou rest shalt find.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

To thee, O God ! I dedicate my powers anew ; receive them, Father of mercies, who wounds but to heal ; bless my feeble efforts to write in thy praise. O ! grant my earnest, my longing prayer, and let the precious seed sown in yonder land of infidel gloom, of rank superstition, spring up in everlasting bloom. Yes, they consecrate the soil ; there sleep those lovely children, Laura and Hayward. Laura was fair, with soft blue eyes, rosy complexion, and bright golden hair, whose waving tresses always inclined to curl, silken and fine, such as we dream angels wear ;

her face very oval and full ; lips bright scarlet, and beautifully formed, disclosed teeth as pearls, regular and fine ; figure slight and graceful, buoyant with exuberance of life and gaiety ; so perfect were her small hands and feet that sculptors would gladly have had their models. Once in the prairie beyond Oppelousas, there was a strange shoemaker, who, on measuring those perfect feet, exclaimed in astonishment, "I never saw such in this region before." Yes, she enjoyed life and won the hearts of all, and now not even a stone tells where sleeps my first-born, my just budding flower. O God ! aid me to build her monument imperishable as her immortal soul, such as her glorified spirit would delight to bless with its presence ; such as our God would hallow with heaven-born fire. And by her side, he, the favorite of all, who sickened with the same pestilential fever, yea, while fanning his father who lay ill unto death—he became the victim of a disease which seemed about to sweep off a doomed family.

Ah ! I can call fresh to view, as it were yesterday, his noble countenance, beaming with intelligence, thoughtful, yet sprightly ; gay, yet sensible. At the early age of six years he would make light of his infantile studies—complaining if we did not hear his eighth lesson a day. Would to God I had their pictures, his the opposite of hers in powerful delineations of character. His hue brown, through which the mantling blood shed its rich hues ; eyes dark and shaded with jetty fringes ; a nobler brow never expanded with thought, or brighter eyes shone with more

feeling; nose high and broad; but the finely developed head drew the attention of all beholders; and distinguished phrenologists predicted he would be an eminent star. Ah me! I dreamed of his future greatness as a thing undoubted, yea, unalterably decreed by fate, and would fondly picture to myself how he would look and act as the President. Often have I sat and described to him, his career as a successful lawyer. "Remember," said I, "devote the first you make to the cause of God,—of suffering humanity; let the desolate widow and orphan claim your pity." Yes, I see him now in the little nursery, animated by my earnest description of life as I wished it to be, walking and talking of the *future*; his eyes sparkling as with unearthly light; his nostrils expanding as if eager for the battle of life; whilst with excited and hasty step he moved as if anticipating all I said.

Alas! I blame myself for trusting any one with my money in this new formed and unsettled south-western region, or anything that appertains to me in the way of land or slaves. I am glad I have no children there at present; yes, I brought my eldest son 1500 miles from a grovelling, mean set of mortals, even unable to sustain a common school in a tolerably rich settlement. Ah! what can one expect in Rankin county; civilization has never reached entirely that remote portion; while over in that district in a few months, we witnessed the *failure* of three or four *attempts at school-keeping*. How could I think of keeping my son, a youth of thirteen, among such people; no, brought him and placed him over in the mountains and

in the midst of the Blue Ridge, where I hoped his strength of body would be improved, and there he is now. His teacher, Mr. S——, writes to me he is progressing in the acquirement of useful knowledge.

Friday, the 18th July, went for the first time to the quiet chapel just on the edge of the little settlement, where I felt it might be possible to enjoy comparative repose. Thank God, I am no more annoyed by the hateful and rude slang of yonder tenement. Here, beneath the sacred roof, I feel as if the poor could approach to that *throne* where the penitent and unfortunate are always welcome.

Aug. 19, 1848. Here I have written the little piece inscribed to *Laura's Grave*, within the hallowed bounds of Wesley Chapel, Westmoreland county; but I have no one, as in days gone by, to attend to my child; I have to write with my eyes wandering after her; look, she comes in with her little bib filled with nuts and chinquepin burs, exulting at the thought of gathering them with her own tiny fingers.

What has been composed has been wrought through great difficulty. This morning, while reposing on the wooden benches of the church beside my sleeping babe, I was called up to receive two letters; my heart beat quickly with apprehension of evil news—and it came in reality, when I opened Mrs. T——'s letter;—my son, my Fenelon! thou hast a sore time, I fear; yet I trust God will temper the wind to the shorn land.

The other was affectionate and elegant, perfectly oppo-

trembling hand; from morn until night the same sad monotonous scene presents itself. From the littered table of scrawled papers and child's toys, I pass to the duties of a nursery-maid—and vainly mourn over my neglected wardrobe. Ah! sadly out of their old accustomed order and neatness appears the almost forgotten, yet necessary articles. Where shall I turn,—I who feel as a poor *weaned child*. In vain I call; no kind and affectionate attendant awaits my commands. O! where are all that ministered to my wants in childhood—in youth! But as yesterday seems my own home, with all its luxuries. And what am I?—a frail, delicate plant, that bends before the rude breezes of adversity. How shall I shake off this helplessness, this weakness? God of infinite mercy, give but to me thy best of human gifts, *health*! that expressive word for equanimity of body, for peace of mind, and I shall be blessed indeed.

How desolate the little attic seems in its poor, unfurnished state; how rude the low walls that seem to forbid the full height; and worse than all, there is no space for the invalid to move in, nothing but narrow, steep steps around, no gallery, no passage. Alas! what has not poverty and misfortune to endure! Yet the darkest hour precedes the dawn, and hope triumphs over the phantoms of despair. Industry, cheerfulness and patience—what can they not accomplish! A little while, and the warfare of life shall close forever, and then what avails the gran-

deur of wealth or effeminate luxuries. Ah! they leave deep traces of sin that heaven can scarce efface.

No, from the humblest, meanest cell,
Where the Christian soul doth dwell,
Shall rise to heaven the heart's warm prayer—
Shall flow its richest blessings there.

Then murmur not at the homely spot! the uncomfortable air so unlike *home* to thee. It is but for a brief space; if untasteful and harsh the rude outlines, yet thou hast sojourned in the ruder *cabins* of the frontier settlements. True, but the simplicity of nature is at all times more attractive than the tarnished surface, the fictitious show of pride and uncleanness.

But the poor of the country are not as the destitute of the city. Why should they be? Pure air and labor, with plenty awaiting the step of patient industry, drive hence all malignant diseases.

There no lofty attics or deep cellars are filled with the hungry and the cold. Ye long and winding stairs, how aches my heart to say farewell. Alas! in the proud city to be doomed to the severe penance of suffering and want. But farewell! where my weary steps oft hath climbed, unpitied by the proud, the arrogant, whose disdainful smile showed the heart within. Why should the rich, the prosperous, share in the misfortunes of others?

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO ONE WHO SEEKS TO BE UNKNOWN.

But when thou doest thine alms, let not thy right hand know
what thy left hand doeth.—MATT. vi. 3.

And thou! wouldst bid me silent keep,
In yonder heaven, to God alone
Revealed thy heart's o'erflowing power—
Or deeds where gen'rous pity shown.

'Tis well, for pride and pompous tone
Proclaims but brief and fleeting hour,
And thou on God's recording page,
Would stamp thy soul's enduring power.

Ah! couldst thou wipe the streaming tears,
Or check the mourner's deep drawn sighs?
Retain'st thou still within thy heart,
Life's earliest, purest sympathies?

Alas! ambition bids thee soar,—
And pants thy soul for higher place,
Where wondrous deeds shall then proclaim,
Despite of all thy task enjoins,—
Thou wouldst immortalize thy name.

Ah! few when glorious scenes are bright,
And near life's sparkling honors seem,

Can humbly turn to simple truths—

Or shun the false, alluring beam !

Then why should disappointment spring,

To know—to feel I am forgot—

On time's fair page a different fate,

Methinks shall be the mourner's lot.

THE INTERVIEW.

Well! this is the day appointed, and I am to see that pleasant and nervous writer; he who draws such accurate characters; he who delineates human nature as it is, and often as it should be. I wonder if he looks like an *author*, pale and with that restless spiritual glance the Germans always give to their renowned literary heroes!

The door opens, and he is announced. My eyes turn with an enquiring, steadfast gaze. Hast thou the overmastering flame within? hath Genius infused its kindling powers—its indomitable energies?

And vain all earth thy efforts to restrain,

Or check the hidden deity within.

Yes, thou art one of the *watchmen* who art bidden to stand on the walls, to look out from the towers thereof—to warn of danger in whatever shape it advances. Then

lift thy voice and let its truthful accents be heard as a trumpet throughout the land. Afar, on the outskirts of our wide domain, thy *tones* hath rung; there the flowing tears hath attested thy eloquent appeals; there I beheld thee as one gifted by Nature, and now I see thee for myself; yet thou art as one overtaken—thy pallid cheek and care-worn brow speaks of intense, of protracted labor. Ah! we have no generous patrons to bestow, and where nature intends it should be given, from those who watch and incessantly toil for the goods that pass away in the using thereof, to those whose souls aspire to eternal possessions.

Few find it possible to lay up treasures of gold and earthly grandeur, and also have treasures where “moth nor rust doth not corrupt,” and where “mortality shall put on *immortality*.”

And truly did the Incarnate One inculcate while upon earth, the incompatibility of uniting carnal and sordid pursuits, with those of eternity. Authors, or those who embody their living principle, their spiritual existence, for the amusement or benefit of the human race, are a peculiar and sensitive people; alas! depending for existence too often on a capricious, ungrateful world, that would at all hazards, gratify their morbid and corrupt taste.

As a writer, *Arthur* has attained considerable reputation. He is proud to acknowledge, that to his persevering energy he is alone indebted for his present eminence. With care and attention he may yet continue to advance higher

and higher in the walks of literature. Above all, he is a Christian true and unpretending, of quiet and gentlemanly deportment, that shall please the most fastidious, by his extreme solicitude to be found fulfilling, with judgment and taste, whatever he undertakes.

ON LAURA'S REMAINS.

'Tis o'er—the last sad hour is past,
And thou art shrouded for thy tomb;—
Ah ! I must live without thy smile,
While all around is midnight gloom,—
What if by foreign hands arrayed,
Most gently and with tears they laid,
Thy drooping head where now it rests,
Within my chamber's solemn shade!

By thy loved form I strive to pray,
But starting rise to gaze on thee,
Ah ! it may be thou art not dead,
O ! turn thine eyes and look on me ;—
Fair robed in white, the virgin bride
Of heaven thou seemst, tranquil and sweet,
As if now gained thy Savior's side.

Unfaded from thy scarlet lip,
Where lingereth still, the roseate tinge,

As radiant hues of parting life;

But thy dull eye from 'neath its fringe,

Hath lost its lustrous glance of light;

In golden hue o'er thy pale brow,

Still spreads the silky wavering hair,

Yet marble like it seemeth now.

Child of my early life! now gone

To thee must bid a last adieu!—

No more shall burning fever flush,

This beauteous cheek with crimson hue.

The sparkling fount of life, O death!

By thee forever chilled, shall cease

Its wondrous flow, enchained awhile,

Till heaven from earth's dark tomb release.

Behold with fault'ring step, and pale

As marked by death's unerring dart,

The *father* comes to say farewell;

Ah! she had twined about thy heart,

In love and pride's bewitching power!

Yet sigh no more for soon shall come

The summons welcome most to thee,

And ye shall meet in heaven's bright home.

See now beside thy couch he kneels,

O! hear his tone of agony;

"Farewell my Laura! till we meet

Before the judgment bar on high;"

A last farewell! heaven's sweetest gift,
 Thou wert of life, my cherished one!
 Long my fair and only daughter,—
 Yet go! for heaven's sweet smiles are won.

Alas! how heavy feels my heart,
 While burning tears refuse to flow,
 As once e'er known the power of death,
 Or felt unutterable wo.

O! thou who art the mourner's God,
 Still sooth with thy sustaining hand,
 Or else I cannot bear to live,—
 Or humbly bow at thy command.

Grief such as mother's only know
 O'erflow's my sad,—my breaking heart.

O! sudden and unlooked for doom,
 Ere gained from heaven the strength to part,
 Ere gained the power to say farewell,—
 As falls the lilly's tender bloom,
 Beneath the wrathful tempest's power,
 So wert thou hurried to the tomb.

Yet in earth's bosom, precious dust!
 With faith and hope we lay thee down;
 There, rest thee, by thy brother's side,
 He who hath but lately gone;—
 He whose sweet angelic spirit,
 Loved one! appeared and bade thee come,

Then to thy happy soul wert given,
 A glimpse of yonder world of love!
 To tell that thou wert welcome then,
 And sooth our drooping spirits here.

Louisiana, 1844.

NOTE.—A few weeks after the death of her beloved brother Hayward, Laura's remains were followed to the grave by those *strangers*, who with tenderness prepared her for that grave, and who bedewed its sod with the tears of pity. Unchanged by her sudden illness, she seemed but asleep; so perfectly beautiful and fair appeared the form, that the half distracted mother believed her not dead, and now oft weeps with anguish, that none sought to revive the life-like form. Ah! beloved one! she would have followed thee long ere this, but for thy infant sisters smiles that claimed a mother's care. No tomb tells of tenderness or wealth; but a simple cypress enclosure is all that is raised to thy memory. Save the tribute of heart and soul poured forth by thy fond, thy widowed mother! whom circumstances seldom permit to visit the hallowed spot.

THE AUTHORESS.

IN Mrs. Hale, the lady authoress, I was not disappointed. Her countenance is remarkably irradiated with the beams of a cheerful and happy spirit. Her eye is dark, of a full, resolute, yet feminine expression. At times it absolutely gleams with a light almost unearthly, and partakes of the power and depth that imagination would give to the eye of a Sappho.

For to thine eyes' dark ray is given,
 The bright ethereal spark of heaven.

I visited the lady with the highest anticipation, and returned from her society filled with sentiments of mingled esteem and admiration.

As a fond and devoted mother, her example teaches every parent to persevere in the noble task of rearing their offspring for heaven, and implanting within their hearts the purest principles. As the gifted writer, the high-minded woman, had she lived in revolutionary times, she could have infused her lofty enthusiasm throughout a nation, enkindling the cold and apathetic with the mighty and resolute spirit with which she seems imbued. Left dependent on her own exertions, she hath achieved with her pen great victories, and few lady writers in the Union are more respected or beloved than this truly estimable woman.

In conversation, imagination and power prevail over all else, if we except an inborn harmonious love which causes her to sympathise with all of earthly race!

The following from her own writings is expressive of my impressions :

Better from earth root every flower,
Than crush imagination's power,
In true and loving minds to raise
An Eden for their coming days.

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